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(B. d. angl. pag. 185^v)

MISCELLANIES.

THE
FIFTH VOLUME.

By Dr. SWIFT.



LONDON,

Printed for T. WOODWARD, C. DAVIS,
C. BATHURST, and W. BOWYER.

MDCCLI.

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P O E M S

O N

Several Occasions.

The Fable of MIDAS.

Written in the Year 1712.

MIDAS, we are in Story told,
Turn'd ev'ry thing he touch'd to Gold:
He *chip'd* his *Bread*; the Pieces round
Glitter'd, like Spangles, on the Ground:
A Codling e'er it went his Lip in,
Wou'd strait become a *Golden Pippin*:
He call'd for Drink; you saw him sup
Potable Gold in *Golden Cup*:
His empty Paunch that he might fill,
He suck'd his Vittels thro' a Quill:
Untouch'd it pass'd between his Grinders,
Or't had been happy for *Gold-finders*:

2 *Poems on several Occasions.*

He cock'd his Hat, you would have said
Mambrino's Helm adorn'd his Head:
Whene'er he chanc'd his Hands to lay
On *Magazines* of Corn or Hay,
Gold ready coin'd appear'd, instead
Of poultry *Provender* and Bread:
Hence by wise Farmers we are told,
Old Hay is equal to old Gold;
And hence a Critick deep maintains,
We learnt to weigh our Gold by Grains.

THIS *Fool* had got a lucky Hit;
And People fancy'd he had Wit:
Two Gods their Skill in Musick try'd,
And both chose *Midas* to decide;
He against *Phœbus'* Harp decreed,
And gave it for *Pan's* Oaten Reed:
The God of Wit, to shew his Grudge,
Clapt *Asses'* Ears upon the Judge;
A goodly Pair erect and wide,
Which he could neither gild nor hide.

AND now the Virtue of his Hands,
Was lost among *Pactolus'* Sands,
Against whose torrent while he swims,
The Golden Scurf peels off his Limbs:
Fame spreads the News and People travel
From far to gather golden Gravel;

Midas

Poems on several Occasions.

3

Midas, expos'd to all their Jeers,
Had lost his *Art*, and kept his *Ears*.

THIS Tale inclines the gentle Reader
To think upon a certain *Leader* ;
To whom from *Midas*, down, descends
That Virtue in the Fingers Ends.
What else by *Perquisites* are meant,
By *Pensions*, *Bribes*, and *Three per Cent*,
By *Places* and *Commissions* sold ;
And turning *Dung* itself to *Gold* ?
By starving in the midst of Store,
As t'other *Midas* did before.

NONE e'er did modern *Midas* chuse
Subject or Patron of his Muse,
But found him thus their Merit scan,
That *Phœbus* must give place to *Pan* :
He values not the Poet's Praise,
Nor will exchange his *Plumbs* for *Bays* :
To *Pan* alone, rich Misers call,
And there's the Jest, for *Pan* is *ALL*.
Here *English* Wits will be to seek,
Howe'er, 'tis all one in the Greek.

BESIDES, it plainly now appears,
Our *Midas* too has *Asses'* Ears ;

4 *Poems on several Occasions.*

Where ev'ry Fool his Mouth applies,
And whispers in a thousand Lies;
Such gross Delusions could not pass,
Thro' any Ears but of an *Ass*.

BUT *Gold* defiles with frequent Touch;
There's nothing *fouls* the Hand so much:
And Scholars give it for the Cause,
Of *British Midas'* dirty Paws;
Which while the *Senate* strove to scour,
They wash'd away the *Chemick* Power.

WHILE he his utmost Strength apply'd,
To swim against this *pop'lar Tide*,
The *golden* Spoils flew off apace;
Here fell a *Pension*, there a *Place*:
The *Torrent*, merciless, imbibes
Commissions, *Perquisites*, and *Bribes*;
By their own Weight sunk to the Bottom;
Much Good may't do 'em, that have caught 'em.
And *Midas* now neglected stands,
With *Asses' Ears*, and dirty *Hands*.

The

The Reverend Dr. *SH*———*N* to
J. S. D. D. D. S. P. D.

Written in the Year 1712.

DE A R Dean, since in *Cruxes* and *Puns* you
and I deal,

Pray why is a Woman a Sieve and a Riddle?

'Tis a Thought that came into my Noddle this
Morning,

In Bed as I lay, Sir, a tossing and turning.

You'll find, if you read but a few of your Hi-
stories,

All Women, as *Eve*, all Women are Mysteries.

To find out this Riddle, I know you'll be eager,

And make every one of the Sex a *Bel-phagor*.

But that will not do, for I mean to come-mend
'em

I swear, without Jest, I an Honour intend 'em.

In a Sieve, Sir, their ancient Extraction I quite
tell,

In a Riddle I give you their Power and their Title.

This I told you before, do you know what I
mean, Sir?

* *Not I, by my Troth, Sir.*—Then read it again,
Sir.

* The Dean's Answer.

6 *Poems on several Occasions.*

The Reason I send you these Lines of Rhymes
double,
Is purely through Pity to save you the Trouble
Of thinking two Hours for a Rhyme as you did
last,
When your *Pegasus* canter'd in tripple, and rid
fast.

As for my little Nag, which I keep at *Parnassus*
With *Phœbus*'s Leave, to run with his Asses,
He goes slow and sure, and he never is jaded,
While your fiery Steed is whipp'd, spurr'd, basti-
naded.



D—n S——'s Answer to the Reverend
Dr. SH——N.

S I R.

I N reading your Letter alone in my Hackney,
Your damnable Riddle, my poor Brains did
rack nigh.

And when with much Labour the Matter I crackt,
I found you mistaken in Matter of Fact.

A Woman's no Seive (for with that you begin)
Because she let's out more than e'er she takes in.

And

And that she's a Riddle, can never be right,
For a Riddle is dark, but a Woman is *light*.
But grant her a Sieve, I can say something archer,
Pray what is a Man? he's a fine Linnen *Searcher*.

Now tell me a Thing that wants Interpretation,
What Name for a ^a Maid, was the first Man's
Damnation?

If your Worship will please to explain me this
Rebus,
I swear from henceforward you shall be my
Phœbus.

*From my Hackney-Coach, Sept. 11,
1712. past 12 at Noon.*



THE FAGGOT.

Written in the Year 1713, when the Queen's Ministers were quarrelling among themselves^b.

OBSEERVE the dying Father speak:
Try, Lads, can you this Bundle break;
Then bids the youngest of the Six,
Take up a well-bound Heap of Sticks.

^a *Vir Gin.* ^b See more of the Author's Endeavours to procure a Reconcilement among them, in Mr. Pope's Letters to and from Dr. Swift, Letter, V. &c.

They thought it was an old Man's Maggot :
 And strove by turns to break the Faggot :
 In vain : The complicated Wands
 Were much too strong for all their Hands.
 See, said the Sire, how soon 'tis done :
 Then took and broke them one by one.
 So strong you'll be in Friendship ty'd ;
 So quickly broke, if you divide.
 Keep close then, Boys, and never quarrel,
 Here ends the Fable and the Moral.

THIS Tale may be apply'd in few Words
 To Treasurers, Comptrollers, Stewards,
 And others, who in solemn Sort
 Appear with slender Wands at Court :
 Not firmly join'd to keep their Ground,
 But lashing one another round :
 While wise Men think they ought to fight
 With *Quarter-staves*, instead of *White* ;
 Or Constable with *Staff* of Peace,
 Should come and make the Clatt'ring cease ;
 Which now disturbs the Queen and Court,
 And gives the *Whigs* and Rabble Sport.

IN History we never found,
 The Consul's *Fasces* were unbound ;
 Those *Romans* were too wise to think on't,
 Except to lash some grand Delinquent.

How

How would they blush to hear it said,
The Prætor broke the Consul's Head;
Or, Consul in his Purple Gown,
Came up and knock'd the Prætor down?

COME, Courtiers: Every Man his Stick:
Lord-Treasurer, for once be quick;
And, that they may the closer cling,
Take your blue Ribbond for a String.
Come, trimming *Harcourt*, bring your Mace;
And squeeze it in, or quit your Place:
Dispatch; or else that R——l *Northey* *
Will undertake to do it for thee:
And, be assur'd, the Court will find him
Prepar'd to leap o'er Sticks, or bind 'em.

To make the Bundle strong and safe,
Great *Ormond* lend thy Gen'ral's Staff:
And, if the *Crosier* could be cramm'd in,
A Fig for *Lechmere*, *King*, and *Hambden*.
You'll then defy the strongest *Whig*,
With both his Hands to bend a Twig.
Though with united Strength they all pull,
From *Somers* down to *Craiggs* and *W——*

* Sir *Edw. N. Attor. Gen.* brought in by Lord
H. yet very desirous of the Great Seal.

The AUTHOR upon himself.

Written in the Year 1713.

*A few of the first Lines were wanting in the Copy
sent us by a Friend of the Author's.*

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

BY an———pursu'd
A crazy ^a P——, and a R—— ^b Prude;
By dull Divines, who look with envious Eyes
On ev'ry Genius that attempts to rise;
And pausing o'er a Pipe, with doubtful Nod,
Give Hints, that Poets ne'er believe in God;
So, Clowns on Scholars as on Wizards look,
And take a Folio for a conj'ring Book.

S———had the Sin of Wit, no venial Crime;
Nay, 'tis affirm'd, he sometimes dealt in Rhyme;
Humour, and Mirth, had Place in all he writ;
He reconcil'd Divinity and Wit:
He mov'd and bow'd, and talk'd with too much
Grace;
Nor shew'd the *Parson* in his Gait or Face;
Despis'd luxurious Wines, and costly Meat;
Yet still was at the Tables of the Great;

^a Dr. Sh. A—b—p of York. ^b Her late M—y Q. A.
Frequented

Frequented Lords; *saw those that saw the Queen;*
At *Child's* or *Truby's* never once had been;
Where Town and Country Vicars flock in Tribes,
Secur'd by Numbers from the Lay-mens Gibes;
And deal in Vices of the graver Sort,
Tobacco, Censure, Coffee, Pride, and Port.

BUT, after sage Monitions from his Friends,
His Talents to employ for nobler Ends;
To better Judgments willing to submit,
He turns to Politicks his dang'rous Wit.

AND now the publick Int'rest to support,
By *Harley S*——invited, comes to Court.
In Favour grows with Ministers of State;
Admitted private, when Superiors wait:
And, *Harley*, not ashamed his Choice to own,
Takes him to *Windsor* in his Coach, alone.
At *Windsor S*—— no sooner can appear,
But * *St. John* comes and whispers in his Ear:
The Waiters stand in Ranks; the Yeomen cry
Make Room; as if a Duke were passing by.

Now *F——nch* alarms the Lords: he hears for
certain,
This dang'rous Priest is got behind the Curtain.

* *Then Secretary of State, now Lord Bolingbroke.*
F——

F—— fam'd for tedious Elocution, proves
That *S*—— oils many a Spring which *Harley* moves.

W—— and *Aslabie* to clear the Doubt,
Inform the Commons, that the Secret's out:

“ A certain Doctor is observ'd of late

“ To haunt a certain Minister of State:

“ From whence, with half an Eye we may discover.

“ The Peace is made, and *Perkin* must come over”.

Y—— is from *Lambeth* sent, to shew the Queen
A dang'rous Treatise writ against the Spleen^a;
Which by the Style, the Matter, and the Drift,
’Tis thought could be the Work of none but *S*——
Poor *Y*—— ! the harmless Tool of others Hate
He sues for Pardon^b, and repents too late.

Now, —— her Vengeance vows
On *S*——’s Reproaches for her ——
From her Red Locks her Mouth with Venom fills;
And thence into the R——l Ear instils.
The *Q*—— incens’d, his Services forgot,
^c Leaves him a Victim to the vengeful *Scot*.

^a Tale of a Tub.

^b His Grace was sorry for what he had said, and sent a Message to the Author to desire his Pardon.

^c The Proclamation was against the Author of a Pamphlet called, *The publick Spirit of the Whigs*, against which the *Scotch* Lords complained.

Now thro' the Realm a Proclamation^d spread,
To fix a Price on his devoted Head.
While innocent, he scorns ignoble Flight;
His watchful Friends preserve him by a Sleight.

By *Harley's* Favour once again he shines;
Is now caress'd by Candidate Divines;
Who change Opinions with the changing Scene:
Lord! how were they mistaken in the Dean!
Now, *D—l—w—re* again^e familiar grows;
And in *S—t's* Ear thrusts half his powder'd Nose.
The *Scottish* Nation, whom he durst offend,
Again apply that *S—* would be their Friend^f.

By Faction tir'd, with Grief he waits a while,
His great contending Friends to reconcile,
Performs what Friendship, Justice, Truth require:
What could he more, but decently retire^g?

^d Against the A. of *The Publick Spirit of the Whigs*.

^e *D—*—then Lord Tr—r of the Household, always caressing the A. at Court: But during the Tryal of the Printers before the H. of Lords, and while the Proclamation hung over the A. his Lordship would not seem to know him, till the Danger was past.

^f The *Scotch* L—ds treated and visited the A. more after the Proclamation than before, except the D. of *A—*—who would never be reconciled.

^g “About ten weeks before the Queen's Death, I left
“the Town, upon Occasion of that incurable Breach
“among the Great men at Court, and went down to
“*Berkshire*”. Mr. *Pope's* Lett. to and from Dr. *Swift*,
Let. V.

IN SICKNESS.

*Written soon after the Author's coming to live in
Ireland, upon the Queen's Death, Oct. 1714.*

'T IS true,—then why should I repine,
To see my Life so fast decline?

But, why obscurely here alone?

Where I am neither lov'd nor known?

My State of Health none care to learn;

My Life is here no Soul's Concern:

And those with whom I now converse,

Without a Tear will tend my Herse.

Remov'd from kind *Arburthnot's* Aid,

Who knows his Art, but not the Trade;

Preferring his Regard for me

Before his Credit, or his Fee.

Some formal Visits, Looks, and Words,

What mere Humanity affords,

I meet perhaps from three or four,

From whom I once expected more;

Which those who tend the Sick for Pay

Can act as decently as they:

But no obliging tender Friend

To help at my approaching End.

My Life is now a Burden grown

To others, e'er it be my own.

YE formal Weepers for the Sick:
In your last Offices be quick:
And spare my absent Friends the Grief
To hear, yet give me no Relief;
Expir'd To-day, entomb'd To-morrow,
When known, will save a double Sorrow.



To the Earl of OXFORD, late Lord
Treasurer. Sent to him when he was
in the *Tower*, before his Trial.

Out of HORACE.

Written in the Year 1716.

HOW blest is he, who for his Country dies,
Since Death pursues the Coward as he flies.
The Youth, in vain, would fly from Fate's Attack,
With trembling Knees, and Terror at his Back;
Though Fear should lend him Pinions like the
Wind,

Yet swifter Fate will seize him from behind.

VIRTUE repuls'd, yet knows not to repine;
But shall with unattainted Honour shine,
Nor

16 *Poems on several Occasions.*

Nor stoops to take the *Staff*, nor lays it down,
Just as the Rabble please to smile or frown.

VIRTUE, to crown her Fav'rites, loves to try
Some new unbeaten Passage to the Sky;
Where *Jove* a Seat among the Gods will give
To those who die, for meriting to live.

NEXT, faithful Silence hath a sure Reward;
Within our Breast be ev'ry Secret barr'd:
He who betrays his Freind, shall never be
Under one Roof, or in one Ship with me.
For, who with Traytors would his Safety trust,
Lest with the Wicked, Heaven involve the Just?
And though the Villain 'scape awhile, he feels
Slow Vengeance, like a Blood-hound, at his Heels.



Ad AMICUM Eruditum

THOMAM SHERIDAN.

Scripsit Oct. Ann. Dom. 1717.

DELICIÆ *Sheridan* Musarum, dulcis amice,
Sic tibi propitius Permessi ad flumen *Apollo*
Occurrat, seu te mimum convivia rident,
Æquivocosve sales spargis, seu ludere versu
Malles;

Malles; dic, *Sheridan*, quisnam fuit ille Deorum,
Quæ melior natura orto tibi tradidit artem
Rimandi genium puerorum, atque ima cerebri
Scrutandi? Tibi nascenti ad cunabula *Pallas*
Astitit; & dixit, mentis præsaga futuræ,
Heu, puer infelix! nostro sub fidere natus;
Nam tu pectus eris sine corpore, corporis umbra;
Sed levitate umbram superabis, voce cicadam:
Musca femur, palmas tibi Mus dedit, *Ardea* crura.
Corpore sed tenui tibi quod natura negavit,
Hoc animi dotes supplebunt; teque docente,
Nec longum Tempus, surget tibi docta juvenus,
Artibus egregiis animas instructa novellas.
Grex hinc *Pœonius* venit, ecce, *salutifer* orbi.
Ast illi causas orant; his infula visa est
Divinam capiti nodo constringere mitram.

NATALIS te horæ non fallunt signa, sed usque
Conscius expedias puero, seu lætus *Apollo*
Nascenti arrisit, sive illum frigidus horror
Saturni premit, aut septem inflavere triones.

QUIN tu altè penitusque latentia femina cernis,
Quæque diu obtundendo olim sub luminis auras
Erumpent, promis; quo ritu sæpè puella
Sub cinere hesterno sopitos fuscitat ignes.

18 *Poems on several Occasions.*

TE Dominum agnoscit quocunque sub aere natus;
Quos indulgentis nimium custodia matris
Pessundat : nam sæpè vides in stipite matrem.

AUREUS at ramus, venerandæ dona Sibyllæ,
Æneæ sedes tantùm patefecit Avernus;
Sæpè puer, tua quem tetigit semel aurea virga,
Cœlumque terrasque videt, noctemque profundam.



A P O L L O to the *D E A N*.

Written in the Year 1726.

RIGHT Trusty, and so forth,—We let you
to know

We are very ill us'd by you Mortals below.
For first, I have often by Chemists been told,
Tho' I know nothing on't, it is I that make Gold,
Which when you have got, you so carefully
hide it,

That, since I was born, I hardly have spy'd it.
Then it must be allow'd, that, whenever I shine,
I forward the Grass, and I ripen the Vine:
To me the good Fellows apply for Relief,
Without whom they could get neither *Claret*, nor
Beef:

Yet

Yet their Wine and their Victuals these Curmudgeon Lubbards
Lock up from my Sight, in Cellars and Cubbards.
That I have an ill Eye they wickedly think,
And taint all their Meat and sour all their
Drink.

But thirdly and lastly, it must be allow'd,
I alone can inspire the Poetical Crowd:
This is gratefully own'd by each Boy in the College,
Whom if I inspire, it is not to my Knowledge.
This ev'ry Pretender to Rhime will admit,
Without troubling his Head about Judgment or Wit.

These Gentlemen use me with Kindness and Freedom,
And as for their Works, when I please I may read
'em:
They lie open on purpose on Counters and Stalls,
And the Titles I view, when I shine on the Walls.
But a Comrade of yours, that Traitor *Delany*,
Whom I, for your Sake, love better than any,
And of my mere Motion, and special good Grace,
Intended in Time to succeed in your Place,
On *Tuesday*, the Tenth, seditiously came,
With a certain false Traitress, one *Stella* by Name,

20 *Poems on several Occasions.*

To the *Deanery* House, and on the *North Glass*,
Where for Fear of the Cold I never can pass;
Then and there, *Vi & Armis*, with a certain U-
tenfil,

Of Value five Shillings, in *English* a Pencil,
Did maliciously, falsely, and trait'rously write,
Whilst *Stella* afore said stood by with a Light.
My Sister has lately depos'd upon Oath,
That she stopt in her Course to look at them
both:

That *Stella* was helping, abetting and aiding;
And still as he writ, stood smiling and reading:
That her Eyes were as bright as myself at Noon-
day,

But her graceful black Locks were mingled with
grey;

And by the Description I certainly know,
'Tis the Nymph that I courted some ten Years
ago;

Whom when I with the best of my Talents endu'd
On her Promise of yielding she acted the Prude:
That some Verses were writ with felonious Intent,
Direct to the *North*, where I never went:

That the Letters appear'd reverse thro' the Pane,
But in *Stella's* bright Eyes they were plac'd right
again;

Wherein she distinctly could read ev'ry Line,
And presently guess'd the Fancy was mine.

Now

Now you see, why his Verses so seldom are
shewn;

The Reason is plain, they're none of his own;
And observe while you live, that no Man is shy
To discover the Goods he came honestly by.
If I light on a Thought, he'll certainly steal it:
And when he has got it, find Ways to conceal it:
Of all the fine Things he keeps in the Dark,
There's scarce one in ten, but what has my
Mark;

And let them be seen by the World if he dare,
I'll make it appear, they are all stolen Ware.
But as for the Poem he writ on your Sash,
I think I have now got him under my Lash;
My Sister transcrib'd it last night to his Sorrow,
And the Publick shall see't, if I live till To-mor-
row.

Thro' the *Zodiac* around, it shall quickly be spread
In all Parts of the Globe, where your Language
is read.

He knows very well, I ne'er gave a Refusal,
When he ask'd for my Aid in the Forms that are
usual:

But the Secret is this; I did lately intend
To write a few Verses on you as my Friend;
I studied a Fortnight, before I could find,
As I rode in my Chariot, a Thought to my Mind,

22 *Poems on several Occasions.*

And resolv'd the next Winter, (for that is my
 Time,
 When the Days are at shortest) to get it in
 Rhime;
 'Till then it was lock'd in my Box at *Parnas-*
sus:
 When that subtle Companion, in hopes to sur-
 pass us,
 Conveys out my Paper of Hints by a Trick,
 For I think in my Conscience he deals with *old*
Nick)
 And from my own Stock provided with To-
 picks,
 He gets to a Window beyond both the Tro-
 picks;
 There out of my Sight, just against the *North*
Zone,
 Writes down my Conceits, and calls them his
 own;
 And you, like a Cully, the Bubble can swallow:
 Now, who but *Delany*, that writes like *Apollo*?
 High Treason by Statute! But here you object,
 He only stole Hints, but the Verse is correct;
 Tho' the Thought be *Apollo's*, 'tis finely ex-
 press'd.
 So a Thief steals my Horse, and has him well
 dress'd.

Now

Now whereas the said Criminal seems past Repentance,

We *Phœbus* think fit to proceed to the Sentence.

Since *Delany* has dar'd, like *Prometheus* his Sire,
To climb to our Region, and thence to steal Fire;

We order a Vulture, in Shape of the Spleen,
To prey on his Liver, but not to be seen.

And we order our Subjects of ev'ry Degree,
To believe all his Verses were written by me:

And, under the Pain of our highest Displeasure,
To call nothing his but the Rhime and the Measure.

And lastly, for *Stella* just out of her Prime,
I'm too much reveng'd already by Time.

In return to her Scorn, I sent her Diseases,
But will now be her Friend, whenever she pleases.

And the Gifts I bestow'd her will find her a Lover,
'Tho' she lives to be grey as a Badger all over.

*An ELEGY on the much lamented Death
of Mr. Demar, the famous rich Usurer,
who died the Sixth of July 1720.*

Written in the Year 1720.

KNOW all Men by these Presents, Death the
Tamer

By *Mortgage* hath secur'd the Corps of *Demar*;
Nor can *four Hundred Thousand Sterling Pound*
Redeem him from his *Prison* under Ground.

His Heirs might well, of all his wealth possess,
Bestow to bury him one Iron Chest.

Plutus, the God of Wealth, will joy to know
His faithful Steward, in the Shades below.

He walk'd the Streets, and wore a thread-bare
Cloak;

He din'd and supp'd at Charge of other Folk;
And by his Looks, had he held out his Palms,
He might be thought an Object fit for Alms;
So, to the Poor if he refus'd his Pelf,
He us'd them full as kindly as himself.

WHERE'ER he went, he never saw his *Betters*;
Lords, Knights and *Squires*, were all his humble
Debtors;

And

And under *Hand* and *Seal*, the *Irish* Nation
Were forc'd to own to him their *Obligation*.

HE that could once have half a Kingdom
bought,
In half a Minute is not worth a Groat.
His *Coffers* from the *Coffin* could not save,
Nor all his *Int'rest* keep him from the Grave.
A golden Monument would not be right,
Because we wish the Earth upon him light.

OH *London* Tavern! thou hast lost a Friend,
Tho' in thy Walls he ne'er did Farthing spend :
He *touch'd* the *Pence* when others *touch'd* the *Pot*;
The Hand that sign'd the Mortgage paid the
Shot.

OLD as he was, no vulgar known Disease
On him could ever boast a Pow'r to seize ;
But as his Gold he weigh'd, grim Death in spight;
Cast in his Dart, which made three Moidores
light ;
And as he saw his darling *Money* fail,
Blew his last Breath to sink the lighter Scale.

HE, who so long was *current*, t'would be
strange
If he should now be *cry'd down* since his *Change*.
THE

THE Sexton shall green Sods on thee bestow;
 Alas, the Sexton is thy Banker now.
 A dismal Banker must that Banker be,
 Who gives no Bills but of Mortality.

THE E P I T A P H.

BENEATH this verdant Hillock lies
 Demar the Wealthy, and the Wife.
 His Heirs, that he might safely rest,
 Have put his Carcase in a Chest;
 The very Chest, in which, they say,
 His other self, his Money lay.
 And if his Heirs continue kind
 To that dear Self he left behind,
 I dare believe, that Four in Five
 Will think his better Self alive.

The

The Run upon the BANKERS.

Written in the Year 1720.

I.

THE bold Encroachers on the Deep,
Gain by Degrees huge Tracts of Land,
Till *Neptune* with one Gen'ral Sweep
Turns all again to barren Strand.

II.

The Multitude's capricious Pranks
Are said to represent the Seas;
Breaking the Bankers and the Banks,
Resume *their own* whene'er they please.

III.

Money, the Life-blood of the Nation,
Corrupts and stagnates in the Veins,
Unless a proper *Circulation*
Its Motion and its Heat maintains.

IV.

Because 'tis *Lordly* not to pay,
Quakers and Aldermen, in State,

Like

Like *Peers*, have *Levees* ev'ry Day
Of *Duns* attending at their Gate.

V.

We want our Money on the Nail;
The Banker's ruin'd if he pays:
They seem to act an ancient Tale;
The *Birds* are met to strip the *Jays*.

VI.

Riches, the wisest Monarch sings,
Make Pinions for themselves to fly:
They fly like Bats, on *Parchment Wings*,
And Geese their *Silver Plumes* supply.

VII.

No Money left for squand'ring Heirs!
Bills turn the Lenders into Debtors:
The wish of *Nero* now is theirs,
That they *had never known their Letters*.

VIII.

Conceive the Works of Midnight Hags,
Tormenting Fools behind their Backs:
Thus Bankers o'er their Bills and Bags
Sit squeezing *Images of Wax*.

IX.

IX.

Conceive the whole Enchantment broke;
The Witches left in open Air,
With Pow'r no more than other Folk,
Expos'd with all their *Magick* Ware.

X.

So pow'rful are a Banker's Bills;
Where Creditors demand their Due;
They break up Counters, Doors and Tills,
And leave the empty Chests in View.

XI.

Thus when an Earthquake lets in Light
Upon the God of *Gold* and *Hell*,
Unable to endure the Sight,
He hides within his darkest Cell.

XII.

As when a Conjurer takes a Lease
From *Satan* for a Term of Years,
The Tenant's in a dismal Case
Whene'er the *bloody Bond* appears.

XIII.

XIII.

A *baited* Banker thus desponds,
From his own Hand foresees his Fall;
They have his *Soul* who have his *Bonds*;
'Tis like the *Writing on the Wall*.

XIV.

How will the *Caitiff* Wretch be scar'd;
When first he finds himself awake
At the last Trumpet, unprepar'd,
And all his *Grand Account* to make?

XV.

For in that universal *Call*
Few Bankers will to Heaven be Mounters;
They'll cry, *Ye Shops, upon us fall,*
Conceal and *cover us, ye Counters*.

XVI.

When *other* Hands the *Scales* shall hold,
And they in *Men and Angels* Sight,
Produc'd with all their *Bills and Gold,*
Weigh'd in the Balance, and found light.

The Description of an Irish Feast, translated almost literally out of the original Irish.

Translated in the Year 1720.

O *ROUK*'s noble Fare
Will ne'er be forgot,

By those who were there,

Or those who were not.

His Revels to keep,

We sup and we dine

On seven Score Sheep,

Fat Bullocks and Swine.

Usquebaugh to our Feast

In Pails was brought up,

An hundred at least,

And a * Madder our Cup.

O there is the Sport!

We rise with the Light,

In disorderly Sort,

From snoring all Night!

O how was I trick'd!

My Pipe it was broke,

My Pocket was pick'd,

I lost my new Cloak.

* Wooden Vessel.

32 *Poems on several Occasions,*

I'm rifled, quoth *Nell*,
 Of Mantle and ^a Kercher:
 Why then fare them well,
 The De'el take the Searcher.
 Come, Harper, strike up,
 But, first, by your Favour,
 Boy, give us a Cup:
 Ah! this has some Savour.
 O *Rourk's* jolly Boys
 Ne'er dreamt of the Matter,
 'Till rous'd by the Noise,
 And musical Clatter,
 They bounce from their Nest,
 No longer will tarry,
 They rise ready drest,
 Without one *Ave Mary*.
 They dance in a Round,
 Cutting Capers and Ramping;
 A Mercy the Ground
 Did not burst with their stamping.
 The Floor is all wet
 With Leaps and with Jumps,
 While the Water and Sweat,
 Splish splash in their Pumps.
 Bless you late and early,
Laughlin O Enagin,
 By my Hand you dance rarely,
^b *Margery Grinagin*.

Bring

^a Handkerchief. ^b The Name of an *Irish* Woman.

Bring Straw for our Bed,
Shake it down to the Feet,
Then over us spread,
The winnowing Sheet.
To show I don't flinch,
Fill the Bowl up again,
Then give us a Pinch
Of your Sneezing, ^a a Yean.
Good Lord, what a Sight,
After all their good Cheer,
For People to fight
In the Midst of their Beer?
They rise from their Feast,
And hot are their Brains,
A Cubit at least
The length of their ^b Skeans.
What Stabs and what Cuts,
What clatt'ring of Sticks ;
What strokes on the Guts,
What Bastings and Kicks!
With Cudgels of Oak,
Well harden'd in Flame,
An hundred Heads broke,
An hundred struck lame,

^a An *Irish* Word for a Woman.

^b Daggers, or short Swords.

You Churle, I'll maintain
 My Father built *Lusk*,
 The Castle of *Slain*,
 And *Carrick Drumrusk* :
 The Earl of *Kildare*
 And *Moynalta*, his Brother,
 As great as they are,
 I was nurst by their Mother.
 Ask that of old *Madam*,
 She'll tell you who's who,
 As far up as *Adam*,
 She knows it is true.
 Come down with that Beam,
 If Cudgels are Scarce,
 A Blow on the Weam,
 Or a Kick on the A—se.

A French

*A French Gentlemen dining with some Company
on a Fast-day, called for some Bacon and Eggs.
The rest were very angry, and reprov'd him for
so heinous a Sin : Whereupon he wrote the fol-
lowing Lines, extempore, which are here trans-
lated.*

P *EU*T on croire avec bon sens,
Qu'un lardon le mit en colere,
Ou, que manger un harang,
C'est un secret pour luy plaire ?
En sa gloire envelopé
Songe t'il bien de nos soupé ?

In **E N G L I S H.**

W *H*O can believe with common Sense,
A Bacon-slice gives God Offence,
Or, how a Herring hath a Charm
Almighty Vengeance to disarm ?
Wrapt up in Majesty divine,
Does he regard on what we dine ?

The Author having written a Treatise, advising, the People of Ireland to wear their own Manufactures; a Prosecution was set on Foot against Waters the Printer of it, which was carried on with so much Violence, that one Whithed, then Chief Justice, thought proper, in a manner the most extraordinary, to keep the Grand Jury above twelve Hours, and to send them eleven times out of Court, until he had wearied them into a special Verdict.

An Excellent new SONG on a seditious Pamphlet.

To the Tune of Packington's Pound.

Written in the Year 1720.

BROCADO's and Damasks, and Tabbies,
and Gawses,

Are by *Robert Balantine* late brought over,
With Forty Thing more: now hear what the
Law says,

Whoe'er will not wear them, is not the King's
Lover.

Tho' a Printer and Dean
Seditiously mean

Our true *Irish* Hearts from old *England* to wean;
We'll

We'll buy *English* Silks for our Wives and our
Daughters,
In Spite of his Deanship and Journeyman *Waters*.

II.

In *England* the Dead in Woollen are clad,
The Dean and his Printer then let us cry
Fye on;

To be cloath'd like a Carcase would make a
Teague mad,
Since a living Dog better is than a dead
Lyon.

Our Wives they grow fullen
At wearing of Woollen,
And all we poor Shopkeepers must our Horns
pull in.

Then we'll buy *English* Silks, &c.

III.

Whoever our Trading with *England* would
hinder,
To inflame both the Nations do plainly con-
spire;
Because *Irish* Linnen will soon turn to Tin-
der;

And Wool it is greasy, and quickly takes Fire.

Therefore I assure ye,

Our noble Grand Jury,

When they saw the Dean's Book they were in
a great Fury:

They would buy *English* Silks for their Wives,
&c.

IV.

This wicked Rogue *Waters*, who always is fin-
ning,

And before *Corum Nobis* so oft has been call'd
Henceforward shall print neither Pamphlets nor
Linen,

And, if Swearing can do't, shall be fwingly
mawl'd:

And as for the Dean,

You know whom I mean,

If the Printer will peach him, he'll scarce come
off clean.

Then we'll buy *English* Silks for our Wives and
our Daughters,

In spight of his Deanship and Journeyman
Waters.

*Carberiæ Rupes in Comitatu Corgagenfi
apud Hybernicos.*

Scriptis Jun. Ann. Dom. 1723.

ECC E ingens fragmen scopuli, quod vertice
summo

Desuper impendet, nullo fundamine nixum
Decidit in fluctus: maria undique & undique saxa
Horifono stridore tonant, & ad æthera murmur
Erigitur; trepidatque suis *Neptunus* in undis.
Nam, longâ venti rabie, atque aspergine crebrâ
Æquorei laticis, specus imâ rupe cavatur:
Jam fultura ruit, jam summa cacumina nutant;
Jam cadit in præceps moles, & verberat undas.
Attonitus credas hinc dejecisse Tonantem
Montibus impositos montes, & *Pelion* altum
In capita anguipedum cœlo jaculâsse gigantum.

SÆPE etiam spelunca immani aperitur hiatu
Exesa è scopulis, & utrinque foramina pandit,
Hinc atque hinc a ponto ad pontum pervia *Phœbo*.
Cautibus enormè junctis lequearia tecti
Formantur; moles olim ruitura superne.
Fornice sublimi nidos struxere palumbes,
Inque imo stagni posuere cubilia *phocæ*.

SED, cum sævit hiems, & venti, carcere
rupto,

Immensos volvunt fluctus ad culmina montis,
Non obseffæ arces, non fulmina vindice dextrâ
Missa Jovis, quoties inimicas sævit in urbes,
Exæquant sonitum undarum, veniente procellâ:
Littora littoribus reboant ; vicinia latè,
Gens affueta mari, & pedibus percurrere rupes,
Terretur tamen, & longè fugit, arva relinquens.

GRAMINA dum carpunt pendentes rupe ca-
pellæ

Vi salientis aquæ de summo præcipitantur,
Et dulces animas imo sub gurgite linqunt.

PISCATOR terrâ non audet vellere funem ;
Sed latet in portu tremebundus, & aera sudum
Haud sperans, Nereum precibus votisque fatigat.

We

We have added a Translation of the preceeding Poem, for the benefit of our English Readers. It is done by Mr. W. Dunkin, M. A. for whom our supposed Author hath expressed a great Regard, on Account of his ingenious Performances, although unacquainted with him.

*Carbery Rocks in the County of Cork,
Ireland.*

LO! from the Top of yonder Cliff, that shrouds
Its airy Head amidst the azure Clouds,
Hangs a huge Fragment; destitute of Props!
Prone on the Waves the Rocky Ruin drops!
With hoarse Rebuff the swelling Seas rebound,
From Shore to Shore the Rocks return the Sound:
The dreadful Murmur Heaven's high Convex
cleaves,
And Neptune shrinks beneath his subject Waves:
For, long the whirling Winds and beating Tides
Had scoop'd a Vault into its nether Sides.
Now yields the Base, the summits nod, now urge
Their headlong Course, and lash the sounding
Surge.
Not louder Noise could shake the Guilty World,
When Jove heap'd Mountains upon Mountains
hurl'd;

Retorting *Pelion* from his dread Abode,
To crush Earth's Rebel-Sons beneath the Load.

OFT too with hideous Yawn the Cavern wide
Presents an Orifice on either Side,
A dismal Orifice from Sea to Sea
Extended, pervious to the God of Day :
Uncouthly join'd, the Rocks stupendous form
An Arch, the Ruin of a future Storm :
High on the Cliff their Nests the *Woodquests* make,
And Sea-calves stable in the oozy Lake.

BUT when bleak Winter with his sullen Train
Awakes the Winds, to vex the watry Plain ;
When o'er the craggy steep without Controul,
Big with the Blast, the raging Billows roul ;
Not Towns beleaguer'd, not the flaming Brand,
Darted from Heav'n by *Jove's* avenging Hand,
Oft as on impious Men his wrath he pours,
Humbles their Pride, and blasts their gilded

Towr's,

Equal the Tumult of this wild Uproar :
Waves rush o'er Waves, rebellows Shore to Shore.
The neigh'bring Race, tho' wont to brave the
Shocks

Of angry Seas, and run along the Rocks,
Now pale with Terror, while the Ocean foams,
Fly far and wide, nor trust their native Homes.

THE

THE Goats, while pendent from the Moun-
tain-top
The wither'd Herb improvident they crop,
Wash'd down the Precipice with sudden Sweep,
Leave their sweet Lives beneath th' unfathom'd
Deep.

THE frighted Fisher with desponding Eyes,
Tho' safe, yet trembling in the Harbour lies,
Nor hoping to behold the Skies serene,
Wearies with Vows the Monarch of the Main.



UPON

UPON THE
HORRID PLOT
 DISCOVER'D BY
HARLEQUIN

The Bishop of Rochester's French
 Dog.^b

In a Dialogue between a *Whig* and a *Tory*.

Written in the Year 1723.

I Ask'd a Whig the other Night,
 How came this wicked Plot to Light?
 He answer'd, that a *Dog* of late
 Inform'd a M——r of State.
 Said I, from thence I nothing know;
 For, are not all Informers so?
 A Villain who his Friend betrays,
 We style him by no other Phrase;

^b See the Proceedings in Parliament against the Bishop of Rochester, *State Trials*, VOL. VI.

And

And so a perjur'd *Dog* denotes
Porter, and *Prendergast*, and *Oates*,
 And forty others I could name.

Whig. But you must know this *Dog* was lame.

Tory. A weighty Argument indeed ;
 Your *Evidence* was lame. Proceed :
 Come, help your lame *Dog* o'er the *Style*.

Whig. Sir, you mistake me all this while :
 I mean a *Dog*, without a Joke,
 Can howl, and bark, but never spoke.

Tory. I'm still to seek which *Dog* you mean ;
 Whether *Curr Plunkett*, or *Whelp Skean*,
 An *English*, or an *Irish* Hound ;
 Or t'other Puppy that was drown'd,
 Or *Mason*, that abandon'd Bitch :
 Then pray be free, and tell me which :
 For, ev'ry Stander-by was marking
 That all the Noise they made was barking.
 You pay them well ; the *Dogs* have got
 Their *Dogs-heads* in a *Porridge Pot* :
 And 'twas but just ; for wise Men say,
 That ev'ry *Dog* must have his *Day*.
Dog W— laid a *Quart* of *Nag* on't,
 He'd either make a *Hog* or a *Dog* on't ;
 And lookt, since he has got his *Wish*,
 And if he had thrown down a *Dish*.
 Yet, this I dare foretel you from it,
 He'll soon Return to his own *Vomit*.

Whig.

Whig. Besides, this horrid Plot was found
By *Neynoe* after he was drown'd.

Tory. Why then the Proverb is not right,
Since you can teach *dead Dogs* to bite.

Whig, I prov'd my Proposition full :
But *Jacobites* are strangely dull.

Now, let me tell you plainly, Sir,
Our Witness is a real *Curr*,

A *Dog* of Spirit for his Years,
Has twice two Legs, two hanging Ears;

His Name is *Harlequin*, I wot,
And that's a Name in ev'ry Plot :

Resolv'd to save the *British* Nation,

Tho' *French* by Birth and Education ;

His Correspondence plainly dated

Was all decypher'd and *translated*,

His Answers were exceeding pretty

Before the secret wise Committee :

Confest as plain as he could bark :

Then with his Fore-foot set his *Mark*.

Tory. Then all this while have I been bubbled,
I thought it was a *Dog* in *Doublet* :

The Matter now no longer sticks ;

For Statesmen never went *Dog-Tricks*.

But, since it was a real *Curr*,

And not a *Dog* in Metaphor,

I give you Joy of the Report,

That he's to have a Place at C——.

Whig.

Whig, Yes, and a Place he will grow rich in ;
A Turn-spit in the R——K——.

Sir, to be plain, I tell you what,

We had Occasion for a Plot :

And, when we found the *Dog* begin it,

We guess'd the Bishop's Foot was in it.

Tory. I own it was a dang'rous Project ;

And you have prov'd it by *Dog-Logick*.

Sure such intelligence between

A *Dog* and B—— ne'er was seen,

Till you began to change the Breed ;

Your Bishops all are *D*——gs indeed,



J O A N cudgels N E D.

Written in the Year 1723.

JO A N cudgels *Ned*, yet *Ned's* a Bully ;

Will cudgels *Bess*, yet *Will's* a Cully.

Die *Ned* and *Bess*, give *Will* to *Joan*,

She dares not say her Life's her own.

Die *Joan* and *Will*, give *Bess* to *Ned*,

And ev'ry Day she combs his Head.

STELLA

STELLA at *Wood Park.*

*A House of Charles Ford, Esq; eight Miles
from Dublin.*

————— *Cuicumque nocere volebat
Vestimenta dabat pretiosa.*

Written in the Year 1723.

DON *Carlos* in a merry Spight,
Did *Stella* to his House invite:
He entertain'd her half a Year
With gen'rous Wines and costly Chear.
Don *Carlos* made her chief Director,
That she might o'er the Servants hector.
In half a Week the Dame grew nice,
Got all Things at the highest Price.
Now at the Table-Head she sits,
Presented with the nicest Bits:
She look'd on Partridges with Scorn,
Except they tasted of the Corn:
A Haunch of Ven'son made her sweat,
Unless it had the right *Fumette*.
Don *Carlos* earnestly would beg,
Dear Madam, try this Pigeon's Leg;
Was happy when he could prevail
To make her only touch a Quail.

Through

Through Candle-Light she view'd the Wine,
 To see that ev'ry Glass was fine.
 At last, grown prowder than the D———,
 With Feeding high and Treatment civil,
 Don *Carlos* now began to find
 His malice work'd as he resign'd:
 The Winter-Sky began to frown,
 Poor *Stella* must pack off to Town;
 From purling Streams and Fountains bubbling,
 To ^a *Liffy*'s stinking Tide at *Dublin*:
 From wholesome Exercise and Air,
 To flossing in an easy Chair:
 From Stomach sharp, and hearty feeding,
 To piddle like a Lady breeding:
 From Ruling there the Household singly,
 To be directed here by ^b *Dingly*:
 From ev'ry Day a lordly Banquet,
 To half a Joint, and *God be thanked*:
 From ev'ry Meal, *Pontack* in Plenty,
 To half a pint one Day in twenty.
 From *Ford*, attending at her Call,
 To Visits of———
 From *Ford* who thinks of nothing mean,
 To the poor Doings of the D—n:
 From growing Riches, with good Chear,
 To running out, by starving here.

^a The River that runs through *Dublin*.

^b A Lady: The two Ladies lodg'd together.

BUT now arrives the dismal Day ;
 She must return to ^c *Ormond Key*.
 The Coachman stopt ; she look'd and swore
 The Rascal had mistook the Door :
 At coming in you saw her stoop ;
 The Entry brush'd against her Hoop :
 Each Moment rising in her Airs,
 She curst the narrow winding Stairs :
 Began a thousand Faults to spy ;
 The Ceiling hardly six Foot high ;
 The smutty Wainscot full of Cracks,
 And half the Chairs with broken Backs :
 Her Quarter's out at *Lady-Day*,
 She vows she will no longer stay
 In Lodgings, like a poor *Grizette*,
 While there are lodgings to be let.

HOWE'ER, to keep her Spirits up,
 She sent for Company to sup :
 When all the while you might remark,
 She strove in vain to ape *Wood-Park*.
 Two Bottles call'd for (half her Store,
 The Cubboard could contain but four)
 A Supper worthy of herself,
 Five Nothings in five Plates of *Delph*.

[^c Where the two Ladies lodged.

THU9

THUS for a Week the Farce went on ;
When, all her Country-Savings gone,
She fell into her former Scene,
Small Beer, a Herring, and the D—n.

THUS far in Jest: Though now, I fear,
You think my Jestings too severe ;
But Poets, when a Hint is new,
Regard not whether false or true :
Yet Raillery gives no Offence,
Where Truth has not the least Pretence ;
Nor can be more securely plac'd,
Than on a Nymph of *Stella's* Taste.
I must confess, your Wine and Vittle
I was too hard upon, a little :
Your Table neat, your Linen fine ;
And, though in Miniature, you shine :
Yet, when you sigh to leave *Wood-Park*,
The Scene, the Welcome, and the Spark,
To languish in this odious Town,
And pull your haughty Stomach down ;
We think you quite mistake the Case,
The Virtue lies not in the Place :
For, though my Raillery were true,
A Cottage is *Wood Park* with you:

A quibbling E L E G Y on the Wor-
shipful Judge *Boat*.

Written in the Year 1723.

TO mournful Ditties, *Clio*, change thy Note,
Since cruel Fate hath *sunk* our Justice *Boat*.
Why should he *sink* where nothing seem'd to
press?

His *Lading* little, and his *Ballast* less.
Toft in the *Waves* of this *tempestuous* World,
At length, his *Anchor* fixt, and *Canvas* furl'd,
To ^d *Lazy-Hill* retiring from his Court,
At his ^d *Ring's End*, he *founders* in the *Port*.
With ^e *Water* fill'd he could no longer *float*,
The common Death of many a stronger *Boat*.

A *Post* so fill'd, on Nature's Laws en-
trenches:

Benches on *Boats* are plac'd, not *Boats* on *Benches*.
And yet our *Boat*, how shall I reconcile it?
Was both a *Boat*, and in one Sense a *Pilot*.

^a Two Villages near the Sea, where Boatmen and
Seamen live.

^e It was said, he died of a Dropsy.

With

With ev'ry *Wind* he *sail'd*, and well could *tack* :
 Had many *Pendents*, but abhorr'd a ^f *Jack*.
 He's gone, although his Friends began to hope
 That he might yet be lifted by a *Rope*.

BEHOLD the awful *Bench* on which he sat,
 He was as *hard*, and pond'rous *Wood* as that :
 Yet, when his *Sand* was out we find at last,
 That Death has *overfet* him with a *Blast*.
 Our *Boat* is now *sail'd* to the *Stygian* Ferry,
 There to supply old *Charon's* leaky Wherry :
Charon in him will ferry Souls to Hell :
 A Trade, our ^g *Boat* hath practis'd here so
 well.

And, *Cerberus* hath ready in his paws,
 Both *Pitch* and *Brimstone* to fill up his *Flaws* ;
 Yet, spite of Death and Fate, I here maintain
 We may place *Boat* in his old *Post* again.
 The Way is thus; and well deserves your
 Thanks :

Take the three strongest of his broken Planks,
 Fix them on high, conspicuous to be seen,
 Form'd like the Tripple-Tree near ^h *Stephen's*
Green ;

^f A Cant Word for a *Jacobite*.

^g In hanging People as a Judge.

^h Where the *Dublin* Gallows stands.

54 *Poems on several Occasions.*

And, when we view it thus with Thief at End
on't,
We'll cry ; look, here's our *Boat*, and there's the
Pendant.

The E P I T A P H.

H E R E lies *Judge Boat* within a Coffin,
Pray, Gentle-folks forbear your Scoffing.
A Boat a Judge ! yes, where's the Blunder ?
A Wooden Judge is no such Wonder,
And in his Robes, you must agree,
No Boat was better deckt than He.
Tis needless to describe him fuller,
In short, he was an able ⁱ Sculler.

ⁱ Query, Whether the Author meant *Scholar*, and
wilfully mistook.

A R E C E I P T to restore *Stella's* Youth.

Written in the Year 1724-5.

TH E *Scottish* Hinds, too poor to house
In frosty Nights their starving Cows,
While not a Blade of Grass or Hay
Appears from *Michaelmas* to *May*,
Must let their Cattle range in vain
For Food, along the barren Plain.
Meager and lank with fasting grown,
And nothing left but Skin and Bone;
Expos'd to Want, and Wind, and Weather,
They just keep Life and Soul together,
'Till Summer Show'rs and Evening's Dew
Again the verdant Glebe renew:
And as the Vegetables rise,
The famish'd Cow her Wants supplies;
Without an Ounce of last Year's Flesh,
Whate'er she gains is young and fresh;
Grows plumb and round, and full of Mettle,
As rising from *Medea's* Kettle;
With Youth and Beauty to enchant
Europa's counterfeit Gallant.

WHY, *Stella*, should you knit your Brow,
If I compare you to the Cow?

'Tis just the Case; for you have fasted
 So long till all your Flesh is wasted,
 And must against the warmer Days
 Be sent to ^k *Quilca* down to graze;
 Where Mirth, and Exercise, and Air,
 Will soon your Appetite repair:
 The Nutriment will from within
 Round all your Body plump your Skin;
 Will agitate the Lazy Flood,
 And fill your Veins with sprightly Blood:
 Nor Flesh nor Blood will be the same,
 Nor aught of *Stella* but the Name;
 For, what was ever understood
 By human Kind, but Flesh and Blood?
 And if your Flesh and Blood be new,
 You'll be no more your former *You*;
 But for a blooming Nymph will pass
 Just Fifteen, coming Summer's Grass:
 Your jetty Locks with Garlands crown'd;
 While all the Squires from nine Miles round,
 Attended by a Brace of Curs,
 With Jocky Boots and Silver Spurs;
 No less than Justices o' *Quorum*,
 Their Cow-Boys bearing Cloaks before^{um},
 Shall leave deciding broken Pates,
 To kiss your Steps at *Quilca* Gates.

^k A Friend's House, seven or eight Miles from *Dublin*.

But, lest you should my Skill disgrace,
Come back before you're out of Case:
For if to *Michaelmas* you stay,
The new-born Flesh will melt away;
The 'Squires in Scorn will fly the House
For better Game, and look for Grouse:
But here, before the Frost can marr it,
We'll make it firm with Beef and Claret.



* *WHITSHED's Motto on his Coach.*

LIBERTAS ET NATALE SOLUM.
Liberty and my native Country.

Written in the Year 1724.

LIBERTAS & *natale Solum*;
Fine words! I wonder where you stole 'um.
Could nothing but thy chief Reproach,
Serve for a Motto on thy Coach?
But let me now the Words translate:
Natale Solum: My Estate:
My dear Estate, how well I love it!
My Tenants, if you doubt, will prove it:

* The Chief Justice who prosecuted the *Drapier*.
They

They swear I am so kind and good,
I hug them till I squeeze their Blood.

LIBERTAS bears a large Import:
First how to swagger in a Court;
And, Secondly, to shew my Fury
Against an un-complying Jury;
And, Thirdly, 'Tis a new Invention
To favour *Wood* and keep my Pension;
And, Fourthly, 'tis to play an odd Trick,
Get the Great Seal, and turn out *Brod'rick*;
And, Fifthly, you know whom I mean,
To humble that vexatious Dean;
And, Sixthly, for my Soul, to barter it
For fifty Times its Worth, to C——t.

Now, since your Motto thus you construe,
I must confess y'have spoken once true.

Libertas & natale Solum;
You had good Reason when you stole 'um.

Sent by Dr. *Delany* to Dr. S———, in
order to be admitted to speak to him.

Written in the Year 1724.

DE A R Sir, I think 'tis doubly hard
Your Ears and Doors should both be barr'd.
Can any thing be more unkind?
Must I not see, 'cause you are blind?
Methinks a Friend at Night should cheer you,
A Friend that loves to see and hear you:
Why am I robb'd of that Delight,
When you can be no Loser by't?
Nay, when 'tis plain (for what is plainer?)
That, if you heard, you'd be no gainer.
For sure you are not yet to learn,
That hearing is not your Concern.
Then be your Doors no longer barr'd,
Your Business, Sir, is to be heard.

The

The A N S W E R.

THE Wise pretend to make it clear,
'Tis no great Loss to lose an Ear.

Why are we then so fond of two,
When by Experience one would do?

'Tis true, say they; cut off the Head,
And there's an End; the Man is dead;
Because, among all human Race,
None e'er was known to have a Brace,
But confidently they maintain,
That, where we find the Members twain,
The loss of one is no such Trouble,
Since t'other will in Strength be double;
The Limb surviving, you may swear,
Becomes his Brother's lawful Heir:
Thus for a Trial, let me beg of
Your Rev'ence, but to cut one Leg off,
And you shall find by this Device,
The other will be stronger twice;
For, ev'ry Day you shall be gaining
New Vigour to the Leg remaining.
So, when an Eye hath lost its Brother,
You see the better with the other:

Cut

Cut off your Hand, and you may do
With t'other Hand the Work of two:
Because, the Soul her Power contracts,
And on the Brother Limb *re-acts*.

BUT, yet the Point is not so clear in
Another Case; the Sense of Hearing:
For tho' the Place of either Ear,
Be distant as one Head can bear;
Yet *Galen* most acutely shews you,
(Consult his Book *de Partium usu*)
That from each Ear, as he observes,
There creep two auditory Nerves,
(Not to be seen without a Glass)
Which near the *Os Petrosum* pass;
Thence to the Neck; and moving thorow there
One goes to this, and one to t'other Ear,
Which made my Grand-Dame always stuff-her-
Ears,
Both Right and Left, as Fellow-Sufferers.
You see my Learning; but to shorten it,
When my left Ear was deaf a Fortnight,
To t'other Ear I felt it coming on,
And thus I solve this hard *Phænomenon*.

'Tis true, a Glass will bring Supplies
To weak, or old, or clouded Eyes.

Your

Your Arms, tho' both your Eyes were lost,
 Would guard your Nose against a Post.
 Without your Legs, two Legs of Wood
 Are stronger, and almost as good.
 And as for Hands, there have been those,
 Who, wanting both, have us'd their Toes;
 But no Contrivance yet appears
 To furnish artificial Ears.



A quiet LIFE and a good NAME.

To a Friend who married a Shrew.

Written about the Year 1724.

NELL scolded in so loud a Din,
 That *Will* durst hardly venture in:
 He mark'd the conjugal Dispute;
Nell roar'd incessant, *Dick* sat mute:
 But, when he saw his Friend appear,
 Cry'd bravely, Patience, good my Dear.
 At Sight of *Will* she bawl'd no more,
 But hurry'd out and clapt the Door.

WHY *Dick*! the Devil's in thy *Nell*,
 (Quoth *Will*) thy House is worse than Hell:
 Why, what a Peal the Jade has rung!
 Damn her, why don't you slit her Tongue?
 For nothing else will make it cease.
 Dear *Will*, I suffer this for Peace:
 I never quarrel with my Wife;
 I bear it for a quiet Life.
 Scripture you know exhorts us to it;
 Bids us to *seek Peace, and ensue it*.

WILL went again to visit *Dick*;
 And ent'ring in the very Nick,
 He saw Virago *Nell* belabour,
 With *Dick's* own Staff his peacefull Neighbour:
 Poor *Will*; who needs must interpose,
 Receiv'd a Brace or two of Blows.

BUT now, to make my Story short;
Will drew out *Dick* to take a Quart.
 Why *Dick*, thy Wife has dev'lish Whims,
 Ods-buds, why don't you break her Limbs?
 If she were mine and had such Tricks,
 I'd teach her how to handle Sticks:
 Z——ds, I would ship her to *Jamaica*,
 And truck the Carrion for *Tobacco*:

64 *Poems on several Occasions.*

I'd send her far enough away ———
Dear *Will*; but what would People say?
Lord! I should get so ill a Name,
The Neighbours round would cry out Shame.

DICK suffer'd for his Peace and Credit,
But, who believ'd him when he said it?
Can he who makes himself a Slave
Consult his Peace, or Credit save?
Dick found it by his ill Success,
His Quiet small, his Credit less.
She serv'd him at the usu'l Rate;
She stunn'd, and then she broke his Pate.
And, what he thought the hardest Case,
The Parish jeer'd him to his Face;
Those Men who wore the Breeches least,
Call'd him a Cuckold, Fool, and Beast.
At home he was pursu'd with Noise;
Abroad was pester'd by the Boys:
Within, his Wife would break his Bones,
Without, they pelted him with Stones:
The 'Prentices procur'd a Riding,
To act his Patience, and her Chiding.

FALSE Patience and mistaken Pride!
There are ten thousand *Dicks* beside;
Slaves to their Quiet and good Name;
Are us'd like *Dick*, and bear the Blame.

About

Some ingenious Gentlemen, Friends to the Author, used to entertain themselves with writing Riddles, and sending them to him and their other Acquaintance; Copies of which ran about, and some of them were printed both in England and Ireland. The Author, at his leisure Hours, fell into the same Amusement; although it be said that he thought them of no great Merit, Entertainment, or Use. However, by the Advice of some Persons, for whom the author hath a great Esteem, and who were pleased to send the Copies, the few following have been published, which are allowed to be genuine; because, we are informed that several good Judges have a Taste for such kind of Compositions.

A

R I D D L E.

I.

Translated in the Year 1724.

I N Youth exalted high in Air,
Or bathing in the Waters fair,
Nature to form me took delight,
And clad my Body all in White;

VOL. V.

F

My

My Person tall, and slender Waste,
On either Side with Fringes grac'd;
'Till me that Tyrant Man espy'd,
And dragg'd me from my Mother's Side:
No Wonder now I look'd so thin;
The Tyrant stript me to the Skin:
My Skin he flay'd, my Hair he cropt;
At Head and Foot my Body lopt:
And then, with Heart more hard than Stone,
He peckt my Marrow from the Bone.
To vex me more, he took a Freak
To slit my Tongue and make me speak:
But that which wonderful appears,
I speak to Eyes, and not to Ears.
He oft employs me in Disguise,
And makes me tell a thousand Lies:
To me he chiefly gives in Trust
To please his Malice, or his Lust.
From me no secret he can hide;
I see his Vanity and Pride:
And my Delight is to expose
His Follies to his greatest Foes.

ALL Languages I can command,
Yet not a Word I understand.
Without my Aid the best Divine
In Learning would not know a Line:

The

The Lawyer must forget his Pleading,
The Scholar could not shew his Reading.

NAY; Man, my Master, is my Slave;
I give Command to kill or save,
Can grant ten thousand Pounds a Year,
And make a Beggar's Brat a Peer.

BUT, while I thus my Life relate,
I only hasten on my Fate.
My Tongue is black, my Mouth is furr'd,
I hardly now can force a Word.
I die unpitied and forgot;
And on some Dunghill left to rot.

II.

A N O T H E R.

ALL-ruling Tyrant of the Earth,
To vilest Slaves I owe my Birth.
How is the greatest Monarch blest,
When in my gaudy Liv'ry drest!
No haughty Nymph has Pow'r to run
From me, or my Embraces shun.
Stabb'd to the Heart, condemn'd to Flame,
My Constancy is still the same.
The Fav'rite Messenger of Jove,
And Lemnian God consulting strove

To make me glorious to the Sight
Of Mortals, and the Gods Delight.
Soon would their altars Flame expire,
If I refus'd to lend them Fire.

III.

A N O T H E R.

BY Fate *exalted high* in Place;
Lo, here I stand with *double Face*;
Superior none on Earth I find;
But see *below me* all Mankind.
Yet, as it oft attends the Great,
I almost *sink* with my own *Weight*.
At every *Motion* undertook,
The Vulgar all consult my *Look*.
I sometimes give Advice in *Writing*,
But never of my own *inditing*.

I AM a Courtier in my Way;
For those who *rais'd* me, I *betray*;
And some give out, that I entice
To Lust, and Luxury, and Dice:
Who Punishments on me inflict,
Because they find their Pockets pickt.

By riding *Post* I lose my Health;
And only to get others Wealth.

A N O T H E R.

IV.

A N O T H E R.

BECAUSE I am by nature *blind*,
I wisely chuse to walk *behind* ;
However, to avoid Disgrace,
I let no Creature see my *Face*.
My *Words* are few, but spoke with *Sense* :
And yet my *speaking* gives Offence :
Or, if to *whisper* I presume,
The Company will fly the Room.
By all the World I am *opprest*,
And my *Oppression* gives them *Rest*.

THROUGH me, though sore against my Will,
Instructors ev'ry Art instil.
By Thousands I am *sold* and *bought*,
Who neither get, nor lose a Groat ;
For none, alas, by me can gain,
But those who give me *greatest Pain*.
Shall Man presume to be my Master,
Who's but my *Caterer* and *Taster* ?
Yet though I always have my Will,
I'm but a meer *Depender* still :
An humble *Hanger-on* at best ;
Of whom all People *make a Fest*,

IN me, Detractors seek to find
Two Vices of a diff'rent kind:
I'm too profuse, some Cens'ers cry,
And all I get, I *let it fly*:
While others give me many a Curse,
Because too *close* I hold my *Purse*.
But this I know, in either Case
They dare not *charge* me to my *Face*.
'Tis true indeed, sometimes I *save*,
Sometimes *run out* of all I have;
But when the Year is at an End,
Computing what I get and *spend*,
My *Goings out*, and *Comings in*,
I cannot find I lose or win;
And therefore all that know me, say
I justly keep the *middle Way*.
I'm always by my Betters led;
I last *get up*, and first *a-bed*;
Though, if I rise *before my Time*,
The learn'd in Sciences sublime,
Consult the Stars, and thence foretel
Good Luck to those with whom I dwell.

ANOTHER:

V.

A N O T H E R.

THE Joy of Man, the Pride of Brutes,
Domestic Subject for Disputes,
Of Plenty thou the Emblem fair,
Adorn'd by Nymphs with all their Care;
I saw thee rais'd to high Renown,
Supporting half the *British* Crown;
And often have I seen thee grace
The chaste *Diana's* infant Face;
And whensoever you please to shine,
Less useful is her Light than thine;
Thy num'rous Fingers know their Way
And oft in *Celia's* Tresses play.

To place thee in another View,
I'll shew the Wold strange Things and true;
What Lords and Dames of high Degree,
May justly claim their Birth from thee;
The Soul of Man with Spleen you vex;
Of Spleen you cure the Female Sex.
Thee for a Gift the Courtier sends
With Pleasure to his special Friends:
He gives; and with a gen'rous Pride,
Contrives all Means the Gift to hide:
Nor oft can the Receiver know,
Whether he has the Gift or no.

On

On airy Wings you take your Flight,
 And fly unseen both Day and Night;
 Conceal your Form with various Tricks;
 And few know how and where you fix.
 Yet, some who ne'er bestow'd thee, boast
 That they to others give thee most.
 Mean Time, the Wise a Question start,
 If thou a real Being art;
 Or, but a Creature of the Brain,
 That gives imaginary Pain;
 But the fly Giver better knows thee;
 Who feels true Joys when he bestows thee.

VI.

A N O T H E R.

THOUGH I, alas! a Pris'ner be,
 My Trade is, Pris'ners to set free.
 No Slave his Lord's Commands obeys,
 With such *insinuating* Ways.
 My Genius *piercing*, *sharp* and *bright*,
 Wherein the Men of Wit delight.
 The Clergy keep me for their Ease,
 And *turn* and *wind* me as they please.
 A new and wond'rous Art I show
 Of raising Spirits from below;
 In *Scarlet* some, and some in *White*:
 They rise, walk round, yet never fright.

In

In at each *Mouth* the *Spirits* pass,
Distinctly seen as through a *Glass*:
O'er *Head* and *Body* make a *Rout*,
And drive at last all *Secrets* out:
And still, the more I show my *Art*,
The more they *open ev'ry Heart*.

A GREATER Chemist none, than I,
Who, from *Materials hard and dry*,
Have taught Men to *extract* with Skill,
More precious Juice than from a Still.

ALTHOUGH I'm often *out of Case*,
I'm not ashamed to show my *Face*.
Though at the *Tables* of the Great,
I near the *Side board* take my *Seat*;
Yet, the plain 'Squire, when *Dinner's done*,
Is never pleas'd till I make one:
He kindly bids me near him stand;
And often takes me by the *Hand*.

I TWICE a Day a *hunting* go;
Nor ever fail to *seize my Foe*;
And, when I have him by the *Pole*,
I drag him upwards from his *Hole*,
Though some are of so stubborn Kind,
I'm forc'd to leave a *Limb* behind.

I HOURLY

I HOURLY wait some fatal End,
For, I can *break*, but scorn to *bend*.

VII.

A N O T H E R.

The Gulph of all human Possessions.

Written in the Year 1724.

COME hither and behold the Fruits,
Vain Man, of all thy vain Pursuits.
Take wise Advice and *look behind*,
Bring all *past* Actions to thy Mind.
Here you may see, as in a Glass,
How soon all human Pleasures pass.
How will it mortify thy Pride,
To turn the true impartial Side!
How will your Eyes contain their Tears,
When all the sad *Reverse* appears!

THIS Cave within its Womb confines
The last Result of all Designs:
Here lie deposited the Spoils
Of busy Mortal's endless Toils:
Here, with an easy Search we find
The *foul Corruptions* of Mankind.

The

The wretched Purchase here behold
Of Traytors, who their Country sold.

THIS Gulph insatiable imbibes
The Lawyer's Fees, the Statesman's Bribes.
Here, in their proper Shape and Mien,
Fraud, Perjury, and Guilt are seen.

NECESSITY, the Tyrant's Law,
All human Race must hither draw:
All prompted by the same *Desire*,
The vig'rous Youth, and aged Sire:
Behold the Coward, and the Brave,
The haughty Prince, the humble Slave,
Physician, Lawyer, and Divine,
All make *Oblations* at this Shrine.
Some enter boldly, Some by Stealth,
And leave behind their fruitless Wealth.
For while the bashful Sylvan Maid,
As half ashamed, and half afraid,
Approaching finds it hard to part
With that which dwelt so *near her Heart*;
The Courtly Dame, unmov'd by Fear,
Profusely pours her *Off'rings* here.

A Treasure here of *Learning* lurks,
Huge Heaps of never-dying Works;
Labours

Labours of many an ancient Sage,
And Millions of the present Age.

IN at this Gulph all Off'rings pass,
And lie an undistinguish'd Mass.
Deucalion, to restore Mankind
Was bid to throw the Stones *behind* ;
So, those who here their Gifts convey,
Are forc'd to look another *Way* ;
For few, a chosen few, must know
The Mysteries that lie below.

SAD Charnel-house ! a dismal Dome,
For which all Mortals leave their Home ;
The Young, the Beautiful, and Brave,
Here bury'd in one common Grave ;
Where each Supply of *Dead* renews
Unwholesome *Damps*, offensive *Dews* :
And lo ! the *Writing on the Walls*
Points out where each new *Victim* falls ;
The *Food of Worms*, and Beasts obscene,
Who round the Vault luxuriant reign.

SEE where those mangled Corpses lie,
Condemn'd by Female Hands to die ;
A comely Dame once clad in white,
Lies there consign'd to endless Night ;

By

By cruel Hands her Blood was spilt,
And yet her *Wealth* was all her Guilt.

AND here six Virgins in a Tomb,
All-beauteous Offspring of one Womb,
Oft in the Train of *Venus* seen,
As fair and lovely as their Queen:
In Royal Garments each was drest;
Each with a Gold and Purple Vest;
I saw them of their Garments stript,
Their Throats were cut, their Bellies ript,
Twice were they bury'd, *twice* were born,
Twice from their Sepulchres were torn;
But now dismember'd here are cast,
And find a resting Place at last.

H E R E, oft the curious Trav'ler finds
The Combat of *opposing Winds*:
And seeks to learn the secret Cause,
Which alien seems from Nature's Laws;
Why at this *Cave's* tremendous Mouth,
He feels at once both *North* and *South*;
Whether the Winds in Caverns pent,
Through *Clefts* oppugnant force a Vent;
Or, whether, *op'ning all his Stores*,
Fierce *Aeolus* in Tempest roars.

YET

YET from this mingled *Mass* of Things,
 In Time a new Creation springs.
 These *crude* materials once shall rise,
 To fill the Earth, and Air, and Skies:
 In various Forms appear again
 Of Vegetables, Brutes, and Men.
 So *Jove* pronounc'd among the Gods,
Olympus trembling as he nods.

VIII.

A N O T H E R.

Louisa to Strephon.

Written in the Year 1724.

AH, *Strephon*, how can you despise
 Her, who, without thy Pity dies?
 To *Strephon* I have still been true,
 And of as noble Blood as you;
 Fair Issue of the genial Bed,
 A Virgin in thy Bosom bred;
 Embrac'd thee closer than a Wife;
 When thee I leave, I leave my Life.
 Why should my Shepherd take amiss,
 That oft I wake thee with a Kiss?
 Yet you of ev'ry Kiss complain;
 Ah, is not Love a pleasing Pain?

A Pain which ev'ry happy Night
You cure with Ease and with Delight;
With Pleasure, as the Poet sings,
Too great for Mortals less than Kings.

CHLOE, when on thy Breast I lie,
Observes me with Revengful Eye:
If *Chloe* o'er thy Heart prevails,
She'll tear me with her desp'rate Nails;
And with relentless Hands destroy
The tender Pledges of our Joy.
Nor have I bred a spurious Race;
They all were born from thy Embrace.

CONSIDER *Strephon*, what you do;
For should I die for Love of you,
I'll haunt thy Dreams, a bloodless Ghost;
And all my Kin, a num'rous Host,
Who down direct our Lineage bring
From Victors o'er the *Memphian* King;
Renown'd in Sieges and Campaigns,
Who never fled the bloody Plains,
Who in tempestuous Seas can sport,
And scorn the Pleasures of a Court;
From whom great *Sylla* found his Doom,
Who scourg'd to Death that Scourge of *Rome*,
Shall on thee take a Vengeance dire;
Thou, like *Alcides*, shalt expire,
When

When his envenom'd Shirt he wore,
 And Skin and Flesh in Pieces tore.
 Nor less that Shirt, my Rival's Gift,
 Cut from the Piece that made her Shift;
 Shall in thy dearest Blood be dy'd,
 And make thee tear thy tainted Hyde.

IX.

A N O T H E R.

Written in the Year 1725.

DEPRIV'D of Root, and Branch, and
 Rind,

Yet Flow'rs I bear of ev'ry Kind;

And such is my prolifick Pow'r,

They bloom in less than half an Hour:

Yet Standers-by may plainly see

They get no Nourishment from me.

My Head with Giddiness goes round;

And yet I firmly stand my Ground:

All over naked I am seen,

And painted like an *Indian* Queen.

No Couple-Beggar in the Land,

E'er join'd such Numbers Hand in Hand;

I join them fairly with a *Ring*;

Nor can our Parson blame the Thing:

And tho' no Marriage Words are spoke,

They part not till the *Ring* is broke,

Yet

Poems on several Occasions.



Yet Hypocrite Fanatics cry,
I'm but an Idol rais'd on high;
And once a Weaver in our Town,
A damn'd *Cromwellian* knock'd me down.
I lay a Pris'ner twenty Years,
And then the Jovial Cavaliers
To their old Posts restor'd all Three,
I mean the Church, the King, and Me.



*V E R S E S on the upright Judge, who con-
demned the Drapier's Printer.*

Written in the Year 1724.

THE Church I hate, and have good Reason;
For there my Grandfire cut his Weazon:
He cut his Weazon at the Altar;
I keep my Gullet for the Halter.

On the Same.

IN Church your Grandfire cut his Throat;
 To do the Jobb too long he tarry'd,
 He should have had my hearty Vote,
 To cut his Throat before he marry'd.

On the Same.

(The Judge speaks.)

I'M not the Grandson of that Ass^a Quin;
 Nor can you prove it, Mr. Pasquin.
 My Grand-dame had Gallants by Twenties,
 And bore my Mother by a 'Prentice.
 This, when my Grandfire knew, they tell us he
 In *Christ-Church* cut his Throat for Jealousy.
 And since the Alderman was mad you say,
 Then I must be so too, *ex traduce*.

^a An Alderman.

A SIMILE, on our Want of Silver, and
the only Way to remedy it.

Written in the Year 1725.

AS when of old, some Sorc'ress threw
O'er the Moon's Face a fable Hue,
To drive unseen her magic Chair,
At Midnight through the darken'd Air;
Wise People, who believ'd with reason
That this Eclipse was out of Season,
Affirm'd the Moon was sick, and fell
To cure her by a Counter-spell:
Ten thousand Cymbals now begin
To rend the Skies with brazen Din;
The Cymbals rattling Sounds dispel
The Cloud, and drive the Hag to Hell:
The Moon, deliver'd from her Pain,
Displays her *Silver* Face again.
(Note here, that in the Chemic Style,
The Moon is *Silver* all this while.)

So, (if my Simile you minded,
Which I confess is too long winded)
When late a Feminine Magician,
Join'd with a *brazen* Politician.

84 *Poems on several Occasions.*

Expos'd, to blind the Nation's Eyes,
 A ^b Parchment of Prodigious Size;
 Conceal'd behind that ample Screen,
 There was no Silver to be seen.
 But, to this Parchment let the *Drapier*
 Oppose his Counter-Charm of Paper,
 And ring *Wood's* Copper in our Ears
 So loud, 'till all the Nation hears;
 That Sound will make the Parchment shrivel,
 And drive the Conjurers to the Devil:
 And when the Sky is grown serene,
 Our Silver will appear again.



On *WOOD* the Iron-monger.

Written in the Year 1725.

SALMO NEUS, as the *Grecian* Tale is,
 Was a mad Copper-Smith of *Elis*;
 Up at his Forge by Morning peep,
 No Creature in the Lane could sleep.
 Among a Crew of royst'ring Fellows
 Would sit whole Ev'nings at the Alehouse:

^b A Patent to *William Wood*, for coining Half-pence.

His

His Wife and Children wanted Bread,
While he went always drunk to Bed.
This vap'ring Scab must needs devise
To ape the Thunder of the Skies:
With *Brass* two fiery steeds he shod,
To make a Clatt'ring as they trod.
Of polish'd *Brass* his flaming Car,
Like Lightning dazzled from afar,
And up he mounts into the Box,
And HE must thunder, with a Pox.
Then, furious he begins his March,
Drives ratt'ling o'er a brazen Arch:
With Squibs and Crackers arm'd to throw
Among the trembling Crowd below.
All ran to Pray'rs, both Priest and Laity,
To pacify this angry Deity;
When *Jove*, in pity to the Town,
With real Thunder knock'd him down.
Then what a huge Delight were all in,
To see the wicked Varlet sprawling?
They search'd his Pockets on the Place,
And found his Copper all was base;
They laugh'd at such an *Irish* Blunder,
To take the Noise of Brass for Thunder.

THE Moral of this Tale is proper,
Apply'd to *Wood's* adult'rate Copper:

Which, as he scatter'd, we, like Dolts,
Mistook at first for Thunder-bolts;
Before the *Drapier* shot a Letter,
(Nor *Jove* himself could do it better)
Which lighting on th' Impostor's Crown,
Like real Thunder knock'd him down.



WOOD an INSECT.

Written in the Year 1725.

BY long Observation I have understood
That three little Vermin are kin to *Will*
Wood.

The first is an Insect they call a *Wood-Louse*,
That folds up itself in itself, for a House:
As round as a Ball, without Head, without Tail,
Inclos'd *Cap-a-pe* in a strong Coat of Mail.
And thus *William Wood* to my Fancy appears
In Fillets of Brass roll'd up to his Ears;
And, over these Fillets he wisely has thrown,
To keep out of Danger, ^d a Doublet of Stone.

THE Louse of the *Wood* for a Med'cine is us'd;
Or swallow'd alive or skillfully bruis'd.

^d He was in Jayl for Debt.

And

And, let but our Mother *Hibernia* contrive
To swallow *Will Wood* either bruis'd or alive,
She need be no more with the Jaundice posses'd,
Or sick of *Obstructions*, and *Pains in her Chest*.

THE next is an Insect we call a *Wood-*
Worm,
That lies in old *Wood* like a Hare in her Form;
With Teeth or with Claws it will bite or will
scratch,
And Chambermaids christen this Worm a Death-
Watch.
Because like a Watch it always cries *Click*:
Then Woe be to those in the House who are
sick:
For, as sure as a Gun, they will give up the
Ghost,
If the Maggot cries *Click* when it scratches the
Post,
But a Kettle of scalding hot Water injected,
Infallibly cures the Timber affected:
The Omen is broke, the Danger is over;
The Maggot will die, and the Sick will re-
cover.
Such a Worm was *Will Wood* when he scratch'd
at the Door
Of a governing Statesman or favourite Whore:

The Death of our Nation he seem'd to foretel,
 And the Sound of his Brass we took for our
 Knell;
 But now since the *Drapier* hath heartily maul'd
 him,

I think the best Thing we can do is to scald him.

For which Operation there's nothing more proper
 Than the Liquor he deals in, his own melted
 Copper;

Unless, like the *Dutch*, you rather would boil
 This Coiner of *Raps* * in a Cauldron of Oil.

Then chuse which you please, and let each bring
 a Faggot,
 For our Fear's at an End with the Death of the
 Maggot.

* A cant Word in *Ireland* for a Counterfeit Half-penny.



To Quilca, a Country-House in no very good Repair, where the supposed Author, and some of his Friends, spent a Summer, in the Year 1725.

LE T me thy Properties explain,
A rotten Cabbin dropping Rain;
Chimnies with Scorn rejecting Smoak;
Stools, Tables, Chairs, and Bed-steds broke.
Here Elements have lost their Uses,
Air ripens not, nor Earth produces:
In vain we make poor *'Sheelah'* * toil,
Fire will not roast, nor Water boil.
Thro' all the Valleys, Hills and Plain,
The Goddess *Want* in Triumph reigns;
And her chief Officers of State,
Sloth, Dirt, and Theft around her wait.

* An Irish Name.

To

To the Earl of *P——b——w.*

Written in the Year 1726.

MORDANTO fills the Trump of Fame,
The Christian World his Deeds proclaim,
And Prints are crowded with his Name.

IN Journeys he cut-rides the Post,
Sits up till Midnight with his Host,
Talks Politicks, and gives the Toast.

KNOWS ev'ry Prince in *Europe's* Face,
Flies like a Squib from Place to Place,
And travels not, but runs a Race.

FROM *Paris Gazette A-la-main*,
This Day arriv'd without his Train,
Mordanto in a Week from *Spain*.

A MESSENGER comes all a-reek,
Mordanto at *Madrid* to seek:
He left the Town above a Week.

NEXT Day the Post-boy winds his Horn,
And rides through *Dover* in the Morn:
Mordanto's landed from *Leghorn*.

MOR-

MORDANTO gallops on alone,
The Roads are with his Foll'wers strown,
This breaks a Girth, and that a Bone:

His Body active as his Mind,
Returning sound in Limb and Wind,
Except some Leather lost behind.

A Skeleton in outward Figure,
His meagre Corps though full of Vigour,
Would halt behind him, were it bigger.

So wonderful his Expedition,
When you have not the least Suspicion,
He's with you like an Apparition.

SHINES in all Climates like a Star;
In Senates bold, and fierce in War,
A Land-Commander, and a Tar.

HEROIC Actions early bred in,
Ne'er to be match'd in modern Reading,
But by his Name-sake *Charles of Sweden*.

HORACE,

HORACE, Book I.

O D E XIV.

O navis referent, &c.

Paraphrased and Inscribed to *IRELAND*.

Written in the Year 1725-6.

The INSCRIPTION.

*Poor floating Isle, tost on ill Fortune's Waves,
Ordain'd by Fate to be the Land of Slaves;
Shall moving Delos now deep-rooted stand;
Thou, fix'd of old, be now the moving Land?
Altho' the Metaphor be worn and stale,
Betwixt a State, and Vessel under Sail;
Let me suppose thee for a Ship a-while,
And thus address thee in the Sailor's Style.*

I. **U**NHAPPY Ship, thou art return'd in
vain :

New Waves shall drive thee to the Deep again.

I. *O navis, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus.*

Look

- Look to thyself, and be no more the Sport
 2. Of giddy Winds, but make some friendly Port.
 3. Lost are thy Oars that us'd thy Course to
 guide,
 Like faithful Counsellors on either Side.
 4. Thy Mast, which like some aged Patriot stood
 The single Pillar for his Country's Good ;
 To lead thee, as a Staff directs the Blind,
 Behold it cracks by yon rough *Eastern* Wind.
 5. Your Cables burst, and you must quickly feel
 The Waves impetuous entring at your Keel.
 Thus, Commonwealths receive a foreign Yoke,
 When the strong Cords of Union once are
 broke.
 6. Torn by a sudden Tempest is thy Sail,
 Expanded to invite a milder Gale.

As when some Writer in a publick Cause,
 His Pen, to save a sinking Nation draws,

2. ——— *Fortiter occupa*
 Portum :
 3. *Nudum remigio latus.*
 4. ——— *Malus celeri saucius Africo.*
 5. ——— *Ac sine funibus*
 Vix durare carinae
 Possint imperiosius
 Aequor ?
 6. *Non tibi sunt integra lintea.*

While

While all is calm, his Arguments prevail,
 The People's Voice expands his Paper Sail;
 'Till Pow'r discharging all her stormy Bags,
 Flutters the feeble Pamphlet into Rags.

The Nation scar'd, the Author doom'd to
 Death,

Who fondly put his Trust in pop'lar Breath.

A LARGER Sacrifice in vain you vow;

7. There's not a Pow'r above will help you now:

A Nation thus, who oft Heav'n's Call neglects,

In vain from injur'd Heav'n Relief expects.

8. 'TWILL not avail, when thy strong Sides
 are broke,

That thy Descent is from the *British* Oak:

Or when your Name and family you boast,

From Fleets triumphant o'er the *Gallic* Coast.

Such was *Ierne's* Claim, as just as thine,

Her Sons descended from the *British* Line;

Her matchless Sons; whose Valour still re-
 mains

On *French* Records, for Twenty long Cam-
 paigns:

7. *Non Dii, quos iterum pressa voces malo:*

8. *Quamvis Pontica pinus,
 Sylvæ filia nobilis:*

Yet

Yet, from an Empress, now a Captive grown,
She sav'd *Britannia's* Rights, and lost her own.

9. IN Ships decay'd no Mariner confides,
Lur'd by the gilded Stern and painted Sides;
Yet at a Ball, unthinking Fools delight
In the gay Trappings of a Birth-Day Night:
They on the gold Brocades and Sattins rav'd,
And quite forgot their Country was enslav'd.

10. DEAR Vessel, still be to thy Steerage just,
Nor change thy Course with ev'ry sudden
Gust:
Like supple Patriots of the modern Sort,
Who turn with ev'ry Gale that blows from
Court.

11. WEARY and Sea-sick when in thee confin'd,
Now, for thy Safety, Cares distract my Mind,

9. *Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus*

10. *Fidit; tu, nisi ventis*

Debes ludibrum, cave.

11. *Nuper sollicitum quæ mihi tædium,*

Nunc desiderium, curaque non levis,

Interfusa nitentes

Vites æquora Cycladas.

As those who long have stood the Storms of
 State,
 Retire, yet still bemoan their Country's Fate.
 Beware, and when you hear the Surges roar,
 Avoid the Rocks on *Britain's* angry Shore;
 They lie, alas! too easy to be found,
 For thee alone they lie the Island round.



*On reading Dr. YOUNG's Satires called
 the Universal Passion, by which he means
 Pride.*

Written in the Year 1726.

IF there be Truth in what you sing,
 Such God-like Virtues in the King;
 A Minister ^f so fill'd with Zeal
 And Wisdom for the Common-Weal:
 If he ^g who in the Chair presides,
 So steadily the Senate guides:
 If others, whom you make your theme,
 Are Seconds in the glorious Scheme:
 If ev'ry Peer whom you commend,
 To Worth and Learning be a Friend:

^f Sir R. Walpole, late Earl of Orford.

^g Compton, the Speaker at that Time.

If ev'ry Peer whom you commend,
 To Worth and Learning be a Friend:
 If this be Truth as you attest,
 What Land was ever half so blest!
 No Falsehood now among the Great,
 And Tradesmen now no longer cheat;
 Now on the Bench fair *Justice* shines;
 Her Scale to neither Side inclines:
 Now *Pride* and Cruelty are flown,
 And *Mercy* here exalts her Throne:
 For such is good Example's Power,
 It does its Office ev'ry Hour;
 Where Governors are good and wise,
 Or else the truest Maxim lyes:
 For so we find, all ancient Sages
 Decree, that, *ad exemplum Regis*,
 Through all the Realm his Virtues run,
 Rip'ning and kindling like the Sun:
 If this be true, then how much more,
 When you have nam'd at least a Score
 Of Courtiers, each in their Degree,
 If possible, as good as He?

OR take it in a different View,
 I ask, if what you say be true;
 If you affirm the present Age,
 Deserves your Satire's keenest Rage:

If that same *Universal Passion*
 With ev'ry Vice hath fill'd the Nation:
 If Virtue dares not venture down
 A single Step beneath the Crown:
 If Clergymen, to shew their Wit,
 Praise *Classics* more than Holy Writ:
 If Bankrupts, when they are undone,
 Into the S—H— can run;
 And sell their Votes at such a Rate,
 As will retrieve a lost Estate:
 If Law be such a partial Whore,
 To spare the Rich, and plague the Poor:
 If these be of all Crimes the worst,
 What Land was ever half so curst!



The DOG and THIEF.

Written in the Year 1726.

QUOTH the Thief to the Dog, Let me
 into your Door,
 And I'll give you these delicate Bits:
 Quoth the Dog, I should then, be more Villain
 than you're,
 And besides, must be out of my Wits.

YOUR

YOUR delicate Bits will not serve me a Meal,
But my Master each Day gives me Bread ;
You'll fly when you get what you came here to
steal,
And I must be hang'd in your Stead.

THE Stock-jobber thus, from *Change-Alley* goes
down,
And tips you the Freeman a Wink ;
Let me have but your Vote to serve for the
Town,
And here is a Guinea to drink.

SAID the Freeman, your Guinea to Night would
be spent,
Your Offers of Bribery cease ;
I'll vote for my Landlord to whom I pay Rent,
Or else I may forfeit my Lease.

FROM *London* they come silly People to chouse,
Their Lands and their Faces unknown :
Who'd vote a Rogue into the Parliament-house,
That would turn a Man out of his own ?

ADVICE *to the* Grub-street *Vers-*
Writers.

Written in the Year 1726.

YE Poets ragged and forlorn,
Down from your Garrets haste,
Ye Rhymers, dead as soon as born,

Not yet consign'd to Paste:

I KNOW a Trick to make you thrive;

O, 'tis a quaint Device:

Your still-born Poems shall revive,

And scorn to wrap up Spice.

GET all your Verses printed fair,

Then let them well be dry'd;

And *Curl* must have a special Care

To leave the Margin wide.

LEND these to Paper-sparing *Pope*;

And, when he fits to write,

No Letter with an *Envelope*

Could give him more Delight.

WHEN *Pope* has fill'd the Margins round,

Why, then recall your Loan;

Sell

Sell them to *Curl* for fifty Pound,
And swear they are your own.



*On seeing Verses written upon Windows in
Inns.*

I.

Written in the Year 1726.

TH E Sage, who said he should be proud
Of Windows in his Breast,
Because he ne'er one Thought allow'd
That might not be confest;
His Window scrawl'd by ev'ry Rake,
His Breast again would cover;
And fairly bid the D——l take
The Di'mond and the Lover.

II.

A N O T H E R.

BY *Satan* taught, all Conjurers know
 Your Mistress in a Glass to show,
 And, you can do as much :
 In this the Dev'l and you agree :
 None e'er made Verses worse than he,
 And thine I swear are such.

III.

A N O T H E R.

THAT Love is the Devil, I'll prove when
 requir'd ;
 These Rhymers abundantly show it :
 They swear that they all by Love are inspir'd,
 And the Devil's a damnable Poet.

IV.

A N O T H E R.

THE Church and Clergy here, no doubt,
 Are very near a kin ;
 Both weather-beaten are without ;
 And empty both within.

A P A S-

A

PASTORAL DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Richmond-Lodge and Marble-Hill.

Written *June* 1727, just after the News of the
late King's Death.

RICHMOND-LODGE is a House with a small
Park, belonging to the Crown: It was usually
granted by the Crown for a Lease of Years; the
Duke of Ormond was the last who had it. After
his Exile it was given to the Prince of Wales by
the King. The Prince and Princess usually passed
their Summer there. It is within a Mile of
Richmond.

MARBLE-HILL is a House built by Mrs.
Howard, then of the Bed-Chamber, now Countess
of Suffolk, and groom of the Stole to the Queen.
It is on the Middlesex Side, near Twickenham,
where Mr. Pope lived, and about two Miles from
Richmond-Lodge. Mr. Pope was the Contriver
of the Gardens, Lord Herbert the Architect, and

the Dean of St. Patrick's chief Butler, and Keeper of the Ice-House. Upon King George's Death, these two Houses met, and had the following Dialogue.

* **I**N Spight of *Pope*, in Spight of *Gay*,
And all that He or They can say;
Sing on I must, and sing I will
Of *Richmond-Lodge*, and *Marble-Hill*.

LAST *Friday Night*, as Neighbours use,
This Couple met to talk of News:
For by old Proverbs it appears,
That Walls have Tongues, and Hedges Ears.

MARBLE-HILL.

QUOTH *Marble-Hill*, right well I ween,
Your Mistress now is grown a Queen:
You'll find it soon by woeful Proof,
She'll come no more beneath your Roof,

RICHMOND-LODGE.

THE kingly Prophet well evinces,
That we should put no Trust in Princes:

* NOTE *This Poem was carried to Court, and read to the King and Queen.*

My

My Royal Master promis'd me
To raise me to a high Degree;
But now he's grown a King, God wot,
I fear I shall be soon forgot.

You see, when Folks have got their ends,
How quickly they neglect their Friends;
Yet I may say, 'twixt me and you,
Pray God they now may find as true.

MARBLE-HILL.

My House was built but for a Show,
My Lady's empty Pockets know;
And now she will not have a Shilling
To raise the Stairs, or build the Cieling;
For, all the courtly Madams round,
Now pay four Shillings in the Pound,
'Tis come to what I always thought;
My dame is hardly worth a Groat.
Had you and I been Courtiers born,
We should not thus have lain forlorn:
For, those we dex'trous Courtiers call,
Can rise upon their Master's *Fall*.
But we, unlucky and unwise,
Must *fall*, because our Masters *rise*.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

My Master, scarce a Fortnight since,
 Was grown as wealthy as a Prince;
 But now it will be no such Thing,
 For he'll be poor as any *King*:
 And by his Crown will nothing get,
 But, like a King, to run in Debt.

MARBEL-HILL.

No more the Dean, that grave Divine,
 Shall keep the Key of my No—Wine;
 My Ice-House rob, as heretofore,
 And steal my Artichoaks no more;
 Poor *Patty Blunt* no more be seen
 Bedraggled in my Walks so green:
 Plump *Johnny Gay* will now elope;
 And here no more will dangle *Pope*.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

HERE wont the *Dean*, when he's to seek,
 To sponge a Breakfast once a Week;
 To cry the Bread was stale, and mutter
 Complaints against the Royal Butter.
 But now I fear it will be said,
 No Butter sticks upon his Bread:
 We soon shall find him full of Spleen,
 For want of tattling to the Queen;

Stun-

Stunning her Royal Ears with talking;
His *Rev'rence* and her *Highness* walking:
Whilst ^a *Lady Charlotte*, like a Stroller,
Sits mounted on the Garden Roller.
A goodly Sight to see her ride,
With ancient ^b *Mirmont* at her Side.
In Velvet Cap his Head lies warm;
His Hat for Show, beneath his Arm.

MARBLE-HILL.

SOME *South-Sea* Broker, from the City,
Will purchase me, the more's the Pity;
Lay all my fine Plantations waste,
To fit them to his vulgar Taste;
Chang'd for the worse in ev'ry Part,
My Master *Pope* will break his Heart.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

IN my own *Thames* may I be drowned,
If e'er I stoop beneath a crown'd Head:
Except her Majesty prevails
To place me with the Prince of *Wales*;
And then I shall be free from Fears,
For he'll be Prince these fifty Years.

^a *Lady Charlotte de Rouffy, a French Lady.*

^b *Marquis de Mirmont, a French Man of Quality.*

I then will turn a Courtier too,
 And serve the Times, as others do.
 Plain Loyalty, not built on Hope,
 I leave to your Contriver, *Pope* :
 None loves his King and Country better,
 Yet none was ever less their Debtor.

MARBLE-HILL.

THEN, let him come and take a Nap,
 In *Summer* on my verdant Lap :
 Prefer our *Villa's* where the *Thames* is,
 To *Kensington*; or hot *St. James's* ;
 Nor shall I dull in Silence sit ;
 For, 'tis to me he owes his Wit,
 My Groves, my Echoes, and my Birds,
 Have taught him his poetick Words.
 We Gardens, and you Wildernesses,
 Assist all Poets in Distresses.
 Him twice a Week I here expect,
 To rattle ^c *Moody* for Neglect ;
 An idle Rogue, who spends his Quartridge
 In tipling at the *Dog* and *Partridge* ;
 And I can hardly get him down
 Three times a Week to brush my Gown.

^c The Gardener.

RICH-

RICHMOND-LODGE.

I PITY you, dear *Marble-Hill*;
But hope to see you flourish still.
All happiness ——— and so adieu.

MARBLE-HILL.

KIND *Richmond-Lodge*, the same to you.



DESIRE and POSSESSION.

Written in the Year 1727.

’T IS strange, what diff’rent Thoughts inspire,
In Man, *Possession* and *Desire*;
Think what they wish so great a Blessing,
So disappointed when possessing.

A Moralist profoundly sage,
I know not in what Book or Page,
Or, whether o’er a Pot of Ale,
Related thus the following Tale.

Possession and *Desire*, his Brother,
But, still at Variance with each other;

Were

Were seen contending in a Race;
And kept at first an equal Pace:
'Tis said, their Course continued long;
For, This was active, That was strong:
Till Envy, Slander, Sloth, and Doubt,
Mistled them many a League about,
Seduc'd by some deceiving Light;
They take the wrong Way for the right:
Through flipp'ry By-roads dark and deep,
They often climb, and often creep.

Desire, the swifter of the two,
Along the Plain like Lightning flew:
Till entering on a broad Highway,
Where *Power* and *Titles* scatter'd lay,
He strove to pick up all he found,
And by Excursions lost his Ground:
No sooner got, than with Disdain
He threw them on the Ground again;
And hasted forward to pursue
Fresh Objects fairer to his View;
In hope to spring some nobler Game;
But all he took was just the same:
Too scornful now to stop his Pace,
He spurn'd them in his Rival's Face.

Possession kept the beaten Road;
And gather'd all his Brother strow'd;

But

But overcharg'd, and out of Wind,
Though strong in Limbs, he lagg'd behind.

Desire had now the Goal in Sight:
It was a Tow'r of monstrous Height;
Where, on the Summit *Fortune* stands:
A Crown and Scepter in her Hands,
Beneath, a Chasm as deep as Hell,
Where many a bold Advent'rer fell.
Desire, in Rapture gaz'd a while,
And saw the treach'rous Goddess smile;
But, as he climb'd to grasp the Crown,
She knock'd him with the Scepter down.
He tumbled in the Gulph profound;
There doom'd to whirl an endless Round.

Possession's Load was grown so great,
He sunk beneath the cumb'rous Weight:
And, as he now expiring lay,
Flocks ev'ry ominous Bird of Prey;
The Raven, Vulture, Owl, and Kite,
At once upon his Carcase light;
And strip his Hide, and pick his Bones,
Regardless of his dying Groans.

On C E N S U R E.

Written in the Year 1727.

YE Wise, instruct me to endure
An Evil, which admits no Cure:
Or how this Evil can be born,
Which breeds at once both Hate and Scorn.
Bare Innocence is no Support,
When you are try'd in Scandal's Court.
Stand high in Honour, Wealth or Wit;
All others who inferior fit
Conceive themselves in Conscience bound
To join and drag you to the Ground.
Your Altitude offends the Eyes,
Of those who want the Pow'r to rise.
The World, a willing Stander-by,
Inclines to aid a specious Lye:
Alas, they would not do you wrong,
But all Appearances are strong.

YET, whence proceeds this Weight we lay
On what detracting People say;
For let Mankind discharge their Tongues
In Venom till they burst their Lungs,
Their utmost Malice cannot make
Your Head, or Tooth, or Finger ake:

Nor

Nor spoil your Shape, distort your Face;
Or put one Feature out of Place;
Nor will you find your Fortune sink,
By what they speak, or what they think;
Nor can ten Hundred Thousand Lyes
Make you less virtuous, learn'd, or wise.

THE most effectual Way to baulk
Their Malice, is——to let them talk.



The Furniture of a Woman's MIND.

Written in the Year 1727.

A Set of Phrases learnt by Rote;
A Passion for a Scarlet-Coat;
When at a Play to laugh, or cry,
Yet cannot tell the Reason why;
Never to hold her Tongue a Minute,
While all she prates has nothing in it;
Whole Hours can with a Coxcomb fit,
And take his Nonsense all for Wit;
Her Learning mounts to read a Song,
But half the Words pronouncing wrong;

114 *Poems on several Occasions.*

Has ev'ry Repartee in Store,
 She spoke ten Thousand Times before ;
 Can ready Compliments supply
 On all Occasions, cut and dry ;
 Such Hatred to a Parson's Gown,
 The Sight will put her in a Swoon ;
 For Conversation well endu'd,
 She calls it witty to be rude ;
 And, placing Raillery in Railing,
 Will tell aloud your greatest Failing ;
 Nor makes a Scruple to expose
 Your bandy Leg, or crooked Nose ;
 Can at her Morning Tea, run o'er
 The Scandal of the Day before ;
 Improving hourly in her Skill,
 To cheat and wrangle at Quadrille.

In chusing Lace a Critic nice,
 Knows to a Groat the lowest Price ;
 Can in her Female Clubs dispute
 What Linen best the Silk will suit,
 What Colours each Complexion match,
 And where with Art to place a Patch.

If chance a Mouse creeps in her Sight,
 Can finely counterfeit a Fright ;
 So sweetly screams, if it comes near her,
 She ravishes all Hearts to hear her.

Can

Can dextrously her Husband teize,
By taking Fits whene'er she please;
By frequent Practice learns the Trick
At proper Seasons to be sick;
Thinks nothing gives one Airs so pretty,
At once creating Love and Pity:
If *Molly* happens to be careless,
And but neglects to warm her Hair-Lace,
She gets a Cold as sure as Death,
And vows she scarce can fetch her Breath;
Admires how modest Women can
Be so *robustious*, like a Man.

IN Party, furious to her Pow'r;
A bitter Whig, or Tory sow'r;
Her Arguments directly tend
Against the Side she would defend;
Will prove herself a Tory plain,
From Principles the Whigs maintain;
And, to defend the Whiggish Cause,
Her Topicks from the Tories draws.

O YES! If any Man can find,
More Virtues in a Woman's Mind,
Let them be sent to Mrs. ^a *Harding*;
She'll pay the Charges to a Farthing:

^a A Printer.

Take Notice, she has my Commission
To add them in the next Edition;
They may out-sell a better Thing:
So, Holla Boys; God save the King.



Clever *Tom Clinch* going to be hang'd.

Written in the Year 1727.

AS clever *Tom Clinch*, while the Rabble was
bawling,
Rode stately through *Holbourn*, to die in his Cal-
ling,
He stopt at the *George* for a Bottle of Sack,
And promis'd to pay for it when he came back.
His Waistcoat and Stockings, and Breeches were
white;
His Cap had a new Cherry Ribbon to ty't,
The Maids to the Doors and the Balconies ran,
And said, Lack-a-day! he's a proper young Man.
But, as from the Windows the Ladies he spy'd,
Like a Beau in the Box, he bow'd low on each
Side;
And when his last Speech the loud Hawkers did
cry,
He swore from his Cart, it was all a damn'd Lye.
The

The Hangman for Pardon fell down on his Knee;
Tom gave him a Kick in the Guts for his Fee:
 Then said, I must speak to the People a little,
 But I'll see you all damn'd before I will ^b whittle.
 My honest Friend ^c *Wild*, may he long hold his
 Place,
 He lengthen'd my Life with a whole Year of
 Grace.

Take Courage, dear Comrades, and be not afraid,
 Nor slip this Occasion to follow your Trade;
 My Conscience is clear, and my Spirits are calm,
 And thus I go off without Pray'r-Book or Psalm;
 Then follow the Practice of clever *Tom Clinch*,
 Who hung like a Hero, and never would flinch.

^b A Cant Word for confessing at the Gallows.

^c The noted Thief-Catcher.

On cutting down the old THORN at
MARKET-HILL.

Written in the Year 1727.

AT *Market-Hill*, as well appears
By Chronicle of ancient Date,
There stood for many a Hundred Years,
A spacious Thorn before the Gate.

Hither came ev'ry Village-Maid,
And on the Boughs her Garland hung,
And here, beneath the spreading Shade,
Secure from Satyrs fat and fung.

^d Sir *Archibald* that val'rous Knight,
Then Lord of all the fruitful Plain,
Would come to listen with Delight,
For he was fond of rural Strain.

(Sir *Archibald*, whose fav'rite Name
Shall stand for Ages on Record,
By *Scottish* Bards of highest Fame,
^e Wise *Hawthornden* and *Sterling's* Lord.)

^d Sir *Archibald Acheson*, Secretary of State for Scotland.

^e *Drummond* of *Hawthornden*, and Sir *William Alexander* E. of *Sterling*, both famous for their Poetry, who were Friends to Sir *Archibald*.

But Time, with Iron Teeth, I ween,
Has canker'd all its Branches round ;
No Fruit or Blossom to be seen,
Its Head reclining tow'rs the Ground.

This aged, sickly, sapless Thorn,
Which must alas no longer stand,
Behold the cruel Dean in Scorn
Cuts down with sacrilegious Hand.

Dame Nature, when she saw the Blow,
Astonish'd gave a dreadful Shriek ;
And Mother *Tellus* trembled so
She scarce recover'd in a Week.

The *Silvan* Pow'rs, with Fear perplex'd,
In Prudence and Compassion sent
(For none could tell whose Turn was next)
Sad Omens of the dire Event.

The Magpye, lighting on the Stock,
Stood chatt'ring with incessant Din ;
And with her Beak gave many a Knock
To rouse and warn the Nymph within.

The Owl foresaw, in pensive Mood,
The Ruin of her antient Seat ;
And fled in Haste with all her Brood,
To seek a more secure Retreat.

Last trotted forth the gentle Swine,
 To ease her Itch against the Stump,
 And dismally was heard to whine,
 All as she scrubb'd her meazly Rump.

The Nymph, who dwells in ev'ry Tree,
 (If all be true that Poets chant)
 Condemn'd by Fate's Supreme Decree,
 Must die with her expiring Plant.

Thus, when the gentle *Spina* found
 The Thorn committed to her Care,
 Receiv'd its last and deadly Wound,
 She fled and vanish'd into Air.

But from the Root a dismal Groan
 First issuing, struck the Murd'rer's Ears;
 And in a shrill revengeful Tone,
 This Prophecy he trembling hears.

" Thou chief Contriver of my Fall,
 " Relentless Dean, to Mischief born,
 " My Kindred oft' thine Hide shall gall,
 " Thy Gown and Cassock oft be torn.

" And thy confed'rate Dame, who brags
 " That she condemn'd me to the Fire,
 " Shall rent her Petticoats to Rags,
 " And wound her Legs with ev'ry Bri'r.

" Nor

“ Nor thou, Lord ^f *Arthur*, shalt escape :
“ To thee I often call’d in vain,
“ Against that Affassin in Crape ;
“ Yet thou could’st tamely see me slain.

“ Nor, when I felt the dreadful Blow,
“ Or chid the Dean, or pinch’d thy Spouse ;
“ Since you could see me treated so,
“ (An old Retainer to your House,)

“ May that fell Dean, by whose Command
“ Was form’d this *Machivillian* Plot,
“ Not leave a Thistle on thy Land ;
“ Then who will own thee for a *Scot* ?

“ Pigs and Fanaticks, Cows, and Teagues
“ Through all thy Empire I foresee,
“ To tear thy Hedges join in Leagues ;
“ Sworn to revenge my Thorn and me.

“ And thou the Wretch ordain’d by Fate,
“ *Neal Gaghagan*, *Hibernian* Clown,
“ With Hatchet, blunter than thy Pate,
“ To hack my hallow’d Timber down,

^f *Sir Arthur Acheson.*

“ When

“ When thou, suspended high in Air,
 “ Dy’st on a more ignoble Tree,
 “ (For thou shalt steal thy Landlord’s Mare)
 “ Then, bloody *Caitiff*, think on me.



On the five Ladies at ^g *Sot’s-Hole*, with
the Doctor at their Head.

N. B. *The Ladies treated the Doctor.*

Sent as from an Officer in the Army.

Written in the Year 1728.

F A I R Ladies, Number five,
 Who in your merry Freaks
 With little *Tom* contrive
 To feast on Ale and Steaks,
 While he sits by a grinning,
 To see you safe in *Sot’s-Hole*,
 Set up with greasy Linen,
 And neither Mugs nor Pots whole;

^g An Alehouse in *Dublin* famous for Beef Steaks.
Alas!

Alas! I never thought
A Priest would please your Palate,
Besides I'll hold a Groat,
He'll put you in a Ballad;

Where I shall see your Faces
On Paper daub'd so foul,
They'll be no more like Graces,
Than *Venus* like an Owl?

And we shall take you rather
To be a Midnight Pack
Of Witches met together
With *Belzebub* in black.

It fills my Heart with Woe,
To think such Ladies fine
Should be reduc'd so low
To treat a dull Divine.

Be by a Parson cheated!
Had you been cunning Stagers,
You might yourselves be treated
By Captains and by Majors.

See how Corruption grows,
While Mothers, Daughters, Aunts,
Instead of powder'd Beaus,
From Pulpits chuse Gallants.

If we who wear our Wigs
 With Fan-Tail and with Snake,
 Are bubbled thus by Prigs;
 Z——ds, who would be a Rake?

Had I a Heart to fight,
 I'd knock the Doctor down;
 Or could I read or write,
 I'gad I'd wear a Gown.

Then leave him to his Birch,
 And at the *Rose* on Sunday,
 The Parson safe at Church,
 I'll treat you with *Burgundy*.



On burning a Dull POEM.

Written in the Year 1729.

AN Afs's Hoof alone can hold
 That pois'nous Juice which kills by Cold.
 Methought, when I this Poem read,
 No Vessel but an Afs's Head
 Such frigid Fustian could contain;
 I mean the Head without the Brain.

The

The cold Conceits, the chilling Thoughts,
Went down like stupifying Draughts:
found my Head began to swim,
A Numbness crept thro' ev'ry Limb.
In Haste with Imprecations dire,
I threw the Volume in the Fire:
When, (who could think?) tho' cold as Ice,
It burnt to Ashes in a Trice.

How could I more enhance its Fame?
Tho' born in Snow, it dy'd in Flame.

JOHN LORD CARTER.



ALLA
And how his looks
How many things he looks
And how you laugh'd at every joke.

LIBEL

ON

The Reverend Dr. DELANY,

And His EXCELLENCY

JOHN Lord CARTERET.

*To Dr. Delany, occasioned by his Epistle to his
Excellency John Lord Carteret.*

Written in the Year 1729.

DELUDED Mortals, whom the Great
Chuse for Companions *tete à tete*;
Who at their Dinners, *en famille*,
Get Leave to sit whene'er you will;
Then boasting tell us where you din'd,
And how his *Lordship* was so kind;
How many pleasant Things he spoke,
And how you *laugh'd* at ev'ry *joke*:

Swear

Swear he's a most facetious Man;
That you and he are *Cup* and *Cann*:
You travel with a heavy Load,
And quite mistake *Preferment's* Road.

SUPPOSE my *Lord* and you alone,
Hint the least Int'rest of your own;
His Visage drops, he knits his Brow,
He cannot talk of Bus'ness now:
Or mention but a vacant *Post*,
He'll turn it off with, *Name your Toast*;
Nor could the nicest Artist paint
A Countenance with more Constraint.

FOR, as their Appetites to quench,
Lords keep a Pimp to bring a Wench;
So, Men of Wit are but a kind
Of Panders to a vicious Mind;
Who proper Objects must provide
To gratify their Lust of Pride,
When weary'd with Intrigues of State,
They find an idle Hour to prate.
Then, should you dare to ask a *Place*,
You forfeit all your *Patron's* Grace,
And disappoint the sole Design,
For which he summon'd you to *dine*.

THUS *Congreve* spent in writing Plays,
 And one poor Office, half his Days :
 While *Montague*, who claim'd the Station
 To be *Mæcenas* of the Nation,
 For Poets open Table kept,
 But ne'er consider'd where they slept :]
 Himself, as rich as fifty *Jews*,
 Was easy, tho' they wanted Shoes;
 And crazy *Congreve* scarce could spare
 A Shilling to discharge his Chair :
 'Till Prudence taught him to appeal
 From *Pæan's* Fire to *Party* Zeal ;
 Not owing to his happy Vein
 The Fortunes of his latter Scene,
 Took proper *Principles* to thrive ;
 And so might ev'ry *Dunce* alive.

THUS, *Steel* who own'd what others writ,
 And flourish'd by imputed Wit,
 From Perils of a hundred Jays,
 Withdrew to starve, and die in *Wales*.

THUS *Gay*, the ^h *Hare* with many Friends,
 Twice sev'n long years, the *Court* attends :
 Who, under Tales conveying Truth,
 To Virtue form'd a princely Youth :

^h See his Fables.

Who paid his Courtship with the Croud
As far as *modest Pride* allow'd ;
Rejects a servile *Usher's* Place,
And leaves *St. James's* in Disgrace.

THUS *Addison*, by Lords carest,
Was left in foreign Lands distrest ;
Forgot at Home, became for Hire,
A trav'ling Tutor to a *Squire* :
But, wisely left the *Muses* Hill,
To Bus'ness shap'd the *Poet's* Quill,
Let all his Batten Lawrels fade ;
Took up himself the *Courtier's* Trade,
And, grown a *Minister of State*,
Saw Poets at his Levee wait.

HAIL, happy *Pope* ! whose gen'rous Mind
Detesting all the Statesman Kind,
Contemning *Courts*, at *Courts* unseen,
Refus'd the Visits of a ———.
A Soul with ev'ry Virtue fraught,
By *Sages*, *Priests*, or *Poets* taught ;
Whose filial Piety excels
Whatever *Grecian* Story tells ;
A genius for all Stations fit,
Whose *meanest Talent* is his *Wit* ;
His Heart too great, though Fortune little,
To lick a *Rascal Statesman's* Spittle ;

Appealing to the Nation's Taste,
 Above the Reach of Want is plac'd:
 By *Homer* dead was taught to thrive,
 Which *Homer* never could alive;
 And fits aloft on *Pindus'* Head,
 Despising *Slaves* that cringe for Bread.

TRUE *Politicians* only pay
 For solid *Work*, but not for *Play*;
 Nor ever chuse to work with Tools
 Forg'd up in *Colleges* and *Schools*.
 Consider how much more is due
 To all their *Journey men*, than you.
 At Table you can *Horace* quote;
 They at a Pinch can bribe a Vote:
 You shew your Skill in *Grecian* Story;
 But they can manage *Whig* and *Tory*:
 You, as a *Critic*, are so curious
 To find a Verse in *Virgil* spurious;
 But they can smoke the deep Designs,
 When *Bolingbroke* with *Pult'ney* dines.

BESIDES, your Patron may upbraid ye,
 That you have got a *Place* already;
 An Office for your Talents fit,
 To flatter, carve, and shew your Wit;
 To snuff the Lights, and stir the Fire,
 And get a *Dinner* for your Hire.

What Claim have you to *Place* or *Pension*?
He overpays in *Condescension*.

BUT, Rev'rend *Doctor*, you, we know,
Could never condescend so low;
The *Vice-Roy*, whom you now attend
Would, if he durst, be more your Friend;
Nor will in *you* those Gifts despise
By which himself was taught to rise:
When he has *Virtue* to retire,
He'll grieve he did not raise you higher,
And place you in a better Station,
Although it might have pleas'd the Nation.

THIS may be true — submitting still
To *W*——le's more than Royal Will;
And what Condition can be worse?
He comes to drain a *Beggar's Purse*;
He comes to tie our Chains on faster,
And shew us, *E*——d is our Master:
Careffing Knaves, and Dunces wooing,
To make them work their own undoing.
What has he else to bait his Traps,
Or bring his *Vermine* in, but *Scraps*?
The Offals of a *Church* distrest,
A hungry *Vicarage* at best;
Or some remote inferior *Post*,
With Forty Pounds a Year at most.

BUT, here again you interpose ;
 Your favourite *Lord* is none of those
 Who owe their *Virtues* to their *Stations*,
 And *Characters* to *Dedications* :
 For, keep him in, or turn him out,
 His *Learning* none will call in doubt.
 His *Learning*, tho' a *Poet* said it
 Before a *Play*, would lose no *Credit* ;
 Nor *P O P E* would dare deny him *Wit*,
 Although to praise it *PH—PS* writ.
 I own, he hates an *Action* base,
 His *Virtues* battling with his *Place* ;
 Nor wants a nice discerning *Spirit*,
 Betwixt a true and spurious *Merit* ;
 Can sometimes drop a *Voter's* *Claim*,
 And give up *Party* to his *Fame*.
 I do the most that *Friendship* can ;
 I hate the *Viceroy*, love the *Man*.

BUT You who, till your *Fortune's* made,
 Must be a *Sweet'ner* by your *Trade*,
 Should swear he never meant us ill ;
 We suffer sore against his *Will* ;
 That, if we could but see his *Heart*,
 He would have chose a milder *Part* :
 We rather should lament his *Case*,
 Who must obey, or lose his *Place*.

SINCE

SINCE this Reflection slip't your Pen,
Insert it when you write again :
And, to illustrate it, produce
This *Simile* for his Excuse.

“ So, to destroy a guilty Land,
“ An *Angel* sent by *Heav'n's* Command,
“ While he obeys *Almighty* Will,
“ Perhaps may feel *Compassion* still ;
“ And wish the Task had been assign'd
“ To *Spirits* of less gentle Kind,

BUT I, in *Politicks* grown old,
Whose Thoughts are of a diff'rent Mould,
Who, from my Soul, sincerely hate
Both ——— and *Ministers* of State,
Who look on *Courts* with stricter Eyes,
To see the Seeds of *Vice* arise,
Can lend you an Allusion fitter,
Though *flatt'ring* *Knaves* may call it bitter ;
Which, if you durst but give it place,
Would shew you many a *Statesman's* Face :
Fresh from the *Tripod* of *Apollo*
I had it in the Words that follow :
(Take Notice, to avoid Offence,
I here except *His Excellence.*)

“ So, to effect his *Monarch's* Ends,
 “ From *Hell* a *Viceroy* Dev'l ascends ;
 “ His *Budget* with *Corruptions* cramm'd,
 “ The *Contributions* of the *Damn'd* ;
 “ Which with unsparing Hand, he strows
 “ Through *Courts* and *Senates* as he goes ;
 “ And then at *Belzebub's Black Hall*,
 “ Complains his *Budget* was too small.”

Your *Simile* may better shine
 In Verse ; but there is *Truth* in mine ;
 For, no imaginable Things
 Can differ more than GOD and——
 And *Statesmen*, by ten Thousand Odds,
 Are ANGELS just as —— are GODS.

T O

Janus, on NEW-YEAR'S-DAY.

Written in the Year 1729.

TWO-faced *Janus*, God of Time!

Be my *Phœbus* while I rhyme;

To oblige your Crony S—t,

Bring our Dame a New-Year's-Gift:

She has got but half a Face;

Janus, since thou hast a Brace,

To my Lady once be kind;

Give her half thy Face behind.

God of Time, if you be wise,

Look not with your future Eyes:

What imports thy forward Sight?

Well, if you could lose it quite.

Can you take Delight in viewing

This poor Isle's approaching Ruin?

When thy Retrospection vast,

Sees the glorious Ages past.

HAPPY Nation were we blind,

Or had only Eyes behind.

Drown your Morals, Madam cries,
 I'll have none but forward Eyes;
 Prudes decay'd about may tack,
 Strain their Necks with looking back;
 Give me Time when coming on:
 Who regards him when he's gone?
 By the D—n though gravely told,
 New Years help to make me old;
 Yet I find a New Year's Lace
 Burnishes an Old Year's Face:
 Give me Velvet and Quadrille,
 I'll have Youth and Beauty still.



DRAPIER'S HILL

Written in the Year 1729.

WE give the World to understand,
 Our thriving D—n has purchas'd Land;
 A Purchase which will bring him clear
 Above his Rent four Pounds a Year;
 Provided, to improve the Ground,
 He will but add Two hundred Pound,
 And from his endless hoarded Store,
 To build a House, five hundred more.

Sir

Sir *Arthur* ^a too shall have his Will,
 And call the Mansion *Drapier's Hill*:
 That when a Nation, long enslav'd,
 Forgets by whom it once was sav'd;
 When none the *DRAPIER's* Praise shall sing;
 His Signs aloft no longer swing;
 His Medals and his Prints forgotten,
 And all his ^b Handkerchiefs are rotten;
 His famous *LETTERS* made waste Paper;
 This Hill may keep the Name of *DRAPIER*:
 In Spight of Envy flourish still,
 And *DRAPIER's* vie with *COOPER's Hill*.

^a The Gentleman of whom the Purchase was made.

^b Medals were cast, many Signs hung up, and Handkerchiefs made with Devices, in Honour of the Author, under the Name of *M. B. Drapier*.

THE

The Grand Question debated;

W H E T H E R

Hamilton's ^c *Bawn* should be turned into a
Barrack or a *Malt-House*.

Written in the Year 1729.

THUS spoke to my Lady the Knight full of
Care.

Let me have your Advice in a weighty Affair.

This^d HAMILTON's *Bawn*, whilst it sticks on my
Hand,

I lose by the House what I get by the Land ;

But how to dispose of it to the best Bidder,

For a^c *Barrack* or *Malt-House*, we now must
consider.

^c A *Bawn* was a Place near the House, inclosed
with Mud or Stone Walls, to keep the Cattle from be-
ing stolen in the Night. They are now little used.

^d A large old House, two Miles from Sir A— A—'s
Seat.

^e The Army in *Ireland* is lodged in strong Build-
ings over the whole Kingdom, called *Barracks*.

FIRST

FIRST, let me suppose I make it a *Malt-House*,

Here I have computed the Profit will fall t'us;
There's nine Hundred Pounds for Labour and Grain,

I increase it to Twelve, so three Hundred remain;
A handsome Addition for Wine and good Chear,
Three Dishes a Day, and three Hogsheads a Year:
With a Dozen large Vessels my Vault shall be stor'd;

No little scrub Joint shall come on my Board:
And you and the *Dean* no more shall combine
To stint me at Night to one Bottle of Wine;
Nor shall I, for his Humour, permit you to purloin

A Stone and a Quarter of Beef from my Sirloin.

If I make it a *Barrack*, the Crown is my Tenant;
My Dear, I have ponder'd again and again on't:
In Poundage and Drawbacks I lose half my Rent,

Whatever they give me I must be content,
Or join with the Court in ev'ry Debate;
And rather than that, I would lose my Estate.

THUS ended the Knight: Thus began his meek Wife;

It *must*, and it *shall* be a *Barrack*, my Life.

I'm

I'm grown a meer Mopus; no Company comes,
 But a Rabble of Tenants, and rusty dull ^f *Rums*;
 With *Parsons* what Lady can keep herself clean?
 I'm all over daub'd when I sit by the *Dean*.
 But if you will give us a *Barrack*, my Dear,
 The *Captain*, I'm sure, will always come here;
 I then shall not value his Deanship a Straw,
 For the *Captain*, I warrant, will keep him in Awe;
 Or should he pretend to be brisk and alert,
 Will tell him that Chaplains should not be so
 pert;
 That Men of his Coat should be minding their
 Pray'rs,
 And not among Ladies to give themselves Airs.

THUS argu'd my Lady, but argu'd in vain;
 The Knight his Opinion resolv'd to maintain.

BUT ^g *Hannah*, who listen'd to all that was past,
 And could not endure so vulgar a Taste,
 As soon as her Ladyship call'd to be drest,
 Cry'd, Madam, why surely my Master's posselt:
 Sir *Arthur* the Malster! how fine it will sound!
 I'd rather the *Bawn* were sunk under Ground.

^f A can't Word in *Ireland* for a poor Country Clergyman.

^g My Lady's Waiting-woman.

But

But, Madam, I guess'd there would never come
Good,

When I saw him so often with ^h *Darby* and *Wood*.
And now my Dream's out; for I was a-dream'd
That I saw a huge Rat; O dear, how I scream'd!
And after, methought, I had lost my new Shoes;
And *Molly*, she said, I should hear some ill News.

DEAR Madam, had you but the Spirit to
tease,

You might have a *Barrack* whenever you please.
And, Madam, I always believ'd you so stout,
That for twenty Denials you would not give out.
If I had a Husband like him, I *purtest*,
'Till he gave me my Will, I would give him no
Rest;

And rather than come in the same Pair of Sheets
With such a cross Man, I would lie in the
Streets:

But, Madam, I beg you'd contrive and invent,
And worry him out, 'till he gives his Consent.

DEAR Madam, whene'er of a *Barrack* I think,
An I were to be hang'd I can't sleep a wink:
For, if a new Crotchet comes into my Brain,
I can't get it out, tho' I'd never so fain.

Two of Sir A——'s Managers.

I fancy

I fancy already a *Barrack* contriv'd
 At *HAMILTON's Bawn*, and the Troop is arriv'd;
 Of this, to be sure, Sir *Arthur* has Warning,
 And waits on the *Captain* betimes the next Morning.

Now, see, when they meet, how their Ho-
 nours behave;
 Noble *Captain*, your Servant—Sir *Arthur* your
 Slave;

You honour me much—the Honour is mine,—
 'Twas a sad rainy Night—but the Morning is
 fine——

Pray how does my Lady?—My Wife's at your
 Service.——

I think I have seen her Picture by *Jervis* —
 Good-morrow, good *Captain*,—I'll wait on you
 down——

You shan't stir a Foot—You'll think me a Clown—
 For all the World, *Captain*, not half an Inch far-
 ther——

You must be obey'd—your Servant, Sir *Arthur*;
 My humble Respects to my Lady unknown.—
 I hope you will use my House as your own.

“Go, bring me my Smock, and leave off your
 Prate,

“Thou hast certainly gotten a Cup in thy Pate.
 Pray,

Pray, Madam, be quiet; what was it I said?—
You had like to have put it quite out of my Head.

NEXT Day, to be sure, the *Captain* will come,
At the Head of his Troop, with Trumper and
Drum:

Now, Madam, observe, how he marches in State:
The Man with the Kettle-drum enters the Gate:
Dub, dub, adub, dub. The Trumpeters follow,
Tantara, tantara, while all the Boys hollow.

See, now comes the *Captain*, all dawb'd with Gold
Lace:

O law! the sweet Gentleman! look in his Face;
And see how he rides like a Lord of the Land,
With the fine flaming Sword that he holds in his
Hand;

And his Horse, the dear *Creter*, it prances and
rears,

With Ribbons in Knots, at its Tail and its Ears:
At last comes the Troop, by the Word of Com-
mand,

Drawn up in our Court; when the *Captain* cries,
STAND.

Your *Ladyship* lifts up the Sash to be seen,
(For sure, I had *dizen'd* you out like a *Queen*;)—
The *Captain*, to shew he is proud of the Favour,
Looks up to your Window, and cocks up his
Beaver.

His

(His Beaver is cock'd ; pray, Madam, mark that,
 For a *Captain* of Horse never takes off his Hat ;
 Because he has never a Hand that is idle ;
 For, the Right holds the Sword, and the Left
 holds the Bridle,)

Then flourishes thrice his Sword in the Air,
 As a Compliment due to a Lady so fair ;
 (How I tremble to think of the Blood it hath spilt !)
 Then he low'rs down the Point, and kisses the
 Hilt.

Your *Ladyship* smiles, and thus you begin :
 Pray, *Captain*, be pleas'd to light, and walk in.
 The *Captain* salutes you with Congee profound,
 And your *Ladyship* curtsies half way to the
 Ground.

KIT, run to your Master, and bid him come
 to us,

I'm sure he'll be proud of the Honour you do us ;
 And, *Captain*, you'll do us the Favour to stay,
 And take a short Dinner here with us To-day :
 You're heartily welcome : But as for good Chear,
 You come in the very worst Time of the Year :
 If I had expected so worthy a Guest. —

Lord ! Madam ! your *Ladyship* sure is in Jest ;
 You *banter* me, Madam, the Kingdom must
 grant —

You Officers, *Captain*, are so complaisant.

“ Hist

“ H I S T Huffy I think I hear some Body
coming——

No, Madam; ’tis only Sir *Arthur* a humming.

To shorten my Tale (for I hate a long Story)
The *Captain* at Dinner appears in his Glory;
The *Dean* and the ^a *Doctor* have humbled their
Pride,

For the *Captain*’s entreated to sit by your Side;
And, because he’s their Betters, you carve for
him first;

The *Parsons*, for Envy, are ready to burst:
The Servants, amaz’d, are scarce ever able
To keep off their Eyes, as they wait at the Table;
And *Molly* and I have thrust in our Nose,
To peep at the *Captain*, in all his fine *Clo’es*:
Dear Madam, be sure he’s a fine spoken Man,
Do but hear on the Clergy how glib his Tongue
ran;

“ And, Madam, says he, if such Dinners you
give,

“ You’ll never want *Parsons* as long as you live;

“ I ne’er knew a *Parson* without a good Nose,

“ But the Devil’s as welcome wherever he goes:

“ G—d—me, they bid us reform and repent,

“ But, Z—s, by their Looks, they never keep
Lent:

^a Doctor *Jenny*, a Clergyman in the Neighbourhood.

“ Mifter *Curate*, for all your grave Looks, I’m
afraid

“ You cast a Sheep’s Eye on her Ladyship’s Maid ;

“ I wish ſhe would lend you her pretty white Hand,

“ In mending your Caffock, and ſmoothing your
Band :

“ (For the *Dean* was ſo ſhabby, and look’d like a
Ninny,

“ That the *Captain* ſuppos’d he was *Curate* to
Jenny.)

“ Whenever you ſee a Caffock and Gown,

“ A Hundred to One, but it covers a Clown ;

“ Obſerve how a *Parſon* comes into a Room,

“ G—d—me, he hobbles as bad as my Groom.

“ A *Scholar*, when juſt from his College broke
loose,

“ Can hardly tell how to cry *Bo* to a Goose ;

“ Your ^b *Novels*, and *Blutraks*, and *Omurs* and
Stuff,

“ By G— they don’t ſignify this Pinch of Snuff.

“ To give a young Gentleman right Education,

“ The Army’s the only good School in the Na-
tion.

“ My School-maſter call’d me a Dunce and a
Fool,

“ But at Cuffs I was always the Cock of the
School.

^b *Ovids, Plutarchs, Homers.*

“ I

“ I never could take to my Book for the Blood
o’ me,

“ And the Puppy confess’d, he expected no Good
o’ me.

“ He caught me one Morning coquetting his
Wife,

“ But he maul’d me, I ne’er was so maul’d in
my Life :

“ So I took to the Road, and, what’s very odd,

“ The first Man I robb’d was a Parson, by G—.

“ Now, Madam, you’ll think it a strange Thing
to say,

“ But the Sight of a Book makes me sick to this
Day”.

NEVER since I was born did I hear so much
Wit;

And, Madam, I laugh’d till I thought I should
split.

So, then you look’d scornful, and snift at the
Dean,

As, who should say, *Now, am I^c Skinny and Lean?*

But he durst not so much as once open his Lips,

And the *Doctor* was plaguily down in the Hips.

* Nick-Names for my Lady.

Thus merciless *Hannah* ran on in her Talk,
Till she heard the *Dean* call, *Will your Ladyship*
Walk?

Her *Ladyship* answers, *I'm just coming down;*
Then, turning to *Hannah*, and forcing a Frown,
Altho' it was plain, in her heart she was glad,
Cry'd, Huffy, why sure the *Wench* is gone mad:
How cou'd these *Chimera's* get into your Brains?—
Come hither, and take this old Gown for your
Pains.

But the *Dean*, if this Secret should come to his
Ears,

Will never have done with his Gibes and his
Jeers:

For your Life, not a Word of the Matter, I
charge ye:

Give me but a *Barrack*, a Fig for the *Clergy*.

*An Excellent new BALLAD; or the true English Dean * to be hanged for a Rape.*

Written in the Year 1730.

I.

OUR Brethren of *England*, who love us so dear,

And in all they do for us so kindly do mean,
A Blessing upon them, have sent us this Year,
For the Good of our Church, a true *English*
Dean.

A holier Priest ne'er was wrapt up in Crape,
The worst you can say, he committed a Rape.

II.

I N his Journey to *Dublin*, he lighted at *Chester*;
And there he grew fond of another Man's Wife;
Burst into her Chamber, and would have caress'd
her;
But she valu'd her Honour much more than
her Life.

She bustled and struggled, and made her Escape
To a Room full of Guests, for fear of a Rape.

* *S—br—ge*, Dean of *Fernes*.

L 3

III.

III.

THE *Dean* he pursu'd to recover his Game;
 And now to attack her again he prepares:
 But the Company stood in Defence of the Dame,
 They cudgel'd, and cuff'd him, and kick'd him
 down Stairs.

His Deanship was now in a damnable Scrape,
 And this was no Time for committing a Rape.

IV.

TO *Dublin* he comes, to the *Bagnio* he goes,
 And orders the Landlord to bring him a Whore;
 No Scruple came on him his Gown to expose,
 'Twas what all his Life he had practis'd before.
 He had made himself drunk with the Juice of
 the Grape,
 And got a good Clap, but committed no Rape.

V.

THE *Dean* and his Landlord, a jolly Comrade;
 Resolv'd for a Fortnight to swim in Delight;
 For why, they had both been brought up to the
 Trade
 Of drinking all Day, and of whoring all Night.

His

His Landlord was ready his Deanship to ape
In ev'ry Debauch, but committing a Rape.

VI.

THIS *Protestant* Zealot, this *English* Divine,
In Church and in State was of Principles
found ;

Was truer than *Steel* to the *Hanover* Line,
And griev'd that a *Tory* should live above
Ground.

Shall a Subject so loyal be hang'd by the Nape,
For no other Crime but committing a Rape ?

VII.

By old *Popish* Cannons, as wise Men have penn'd
'em,

Each Priest had a Concubine, *jure Ecclesiæ* ;
Who'd be Dean of *Fernes* without a *Commendam* ?
And Precedents we can produce, if it please
ye :

Then why should the Dean, when Whores are so
cheap,

Be put to the Peril, and Toil of a Rape ?

VIII.

If Fortune should please but to take such a Cro-
chet,

(To thee I apply, great *Smedley's* Successor)

To give thee *Lawn Sleeves*, a *Mitre* and *Rot-
chet*,

Whom wouldst thou resemble? I leave thee a
Gueffer;

But I only behold thee in^d *Atherton's* Shape,
For *Sodomy* hang'd, as thou for a Rape.

IX.

Ah! dost thou not envy the brave Col'nel *Char-
tres*,

Condemn'd for thy Crime at Threescore and
ten?

To hang him all *England* would lend him their
Garters;

Yet he lives, and is ready to ravish again.

Then throttle thyself with an Ell of strong
Tape,

For thou hast not a Groat to atone for a Rape.

^d A Bishop of *Waterford*, sent from *England*, a
hundred Years ago.

X.

X.

THE Dean he was vex'd that his Whores were
so willing :

He long'd for a Girl that would struggle and
squall ;

He ravish'd her fairly, and sav'd a good Shilling ;

But here was to pay the Devil and all.

His Trouble and Sorrows now come in a Heap,

And hang'd he must be for committing a Rape.

XI.

IF Maidens are ravish'd, it is their own Choice ;

Why are they so wilful to struggle with Men ?

If they would but lie quiet, and stifle their Voice,

No Devil nor Dean could ravish 'em then.

Nor would there be need of a strong Hempen
Cape,

Ty'd round the Dean's Neck, for committing a
Rape.

XII.

Our Church and our State dear *England* maintains,

For which all true Protestant Hearts should be
glad ;

She sends us our B—s and J—s and D—s ;

And better would give us, if better she had ;

But,

But, Lord, how the Rabble will stare and will
gape,

When the good *English* Dean is hang'd up for a
Rape?



The L A D Y's Dressing Room.

Written in the Year 1730.

FI V E Hours, (and who can do it less in ?)

By haughty *Cælia* spent in dressing;

The Goddess from her Chamber issues,

Array'd in Lace, Brocades and Tissues.

Strephon, who found the Room was void,

And *Betty* otherwise employ'd,

Stole in, and took a strict Survey

Of all the Litter as it lay:

Whereof, to make the Matter clear,

An *Inventory* follows here.

A N D first, a dirty Smock appear'd,

Beneath the Armpits well besmear'd.

Strephon, the Rogue, display'd it wide;

And turn'd it round on ev'ry Side,

In

In such a Case, few Words are best,
And *Strephon* bids us guess the rest;
But swears how damnably the Men lie,
In calling *Cælia* sweet and cleanly.

Now listen, while he next produces
The various Combs for various Uses;
Fill'd up with Dirt so closely fixt,
No Brush could force a Way betwixt:
A Paste of Composition rare,
Sweat, Dandriff, Powder, Lead and Hair.
A Forehead-Cloth with Oil upon't,
To smoothe the Wrinkles on her Front:
Here, Allum-Flower to stop the Steams,
Exhal'd from soure unsavory Streams.
There, Night-Gloves made of *Tripsey's* Hide,
Bequeath'd by *Tripsey* when she died;
With Puppy-Water, Beauty's Help,
Distill'd from *Tripsey's* darling Whelp.
Here Gally-Pots and Vials plac'd,
Some fill'd with Washes, some with Paste;
Some with Pomatums, Paints, and Slops,
And Ointments good for scabby Chops.
Hard by, a filthy Bason stands,
Foul'd with the scowring of her Hands;
The Bason takes whatever comes,
The Scraping from her Teeth and Gums,

156 *Poems on several Occasions.*

A nasty Compound of all Hues,
For here she spits, and here she spews.

BUT O! it turn'd poor *Strephon's* Bowels,
When he beheld and smelt the Towels,
Begumm'd, bematter'd, and beslim'd,
With Dirt, and Sweat, and Ear-wax grim'd,
No Object *Strephon's* Eye escapes;
Here, Petticoats in frowzy Heaps;
Nor be the Handkerchiefs forgot,
All varnish'd o'er with Snuff and Snot.
The Stockings why should I expose,
Stain'd with the Moisture of her Toes;
Or greasy Coifs, or Pinnars reeking,
Which *Cælia* slept at least a Week in.
A Pair of Tweezers next he found,
To pluck her brows in Arches round;
Or Hairs that sink the Forehead low,
Or on her Chin like Bristles grow.

THE Virtues we must not let pass
Of *Cælia's* magnifying Glass;
When frighted *Strephon* cast his Eye on't,
It shew'd the Visage of a Giant:
A Glass that can to Sight disclose
The smallest Worm in *Cælia's* Nose,
And faithfully direct her Nail
To squeeze it out from Head to Tail;

For,

For, catch it nicely by the Head,
It must come out, alive or dead.

WHY, *Strephon*, will you tell the rest;
And must you needs describe the Chest?
That careless Wench! No Creature warn her
To move it out from yonder Corner?
But leave it standing full in Sight,
For you to Exercise your Spite.
In vain the Workman shew'd his Wit,
With Rings and Hinges counterfeit,
To make it seem in this Disguise
A Cabinet to vulgar Eyes,
Which *Strephon* ventur'd to look in,
Resolv'd to go thro' *thick and thin*,
He lifts the Lid: There needs no more,
He smelt it all the Time before.
As from within *Pandora's* Box,
When *Epimetheus* op'd the Locks,
A sudden universal Crew
Of human Evils upward flew;
He still was comforted to find
That *Hope* at last remain'd behind.

So, *Strephon* lifting up the Lid,
To view what in the Chest was hid,
The Vapour flew from out the Vent;
But *Strephon*, cautious, never meant

The Bottom of the *Pan* to grope,
And foul his Hands in search of *Hope*.

O! NE'ER may such a vile Machine
Be once in *Cælia's* Chamber seen;
O! may she better learn to keep
Those *Secrets of the Hoary Deep*.^e

As Mutton-Cutlets, ^f*prime of Meat*,
Which, though with Art you salt and beat,
As Laws of Cookery require,
And roast them at the clearest Fire;
If from ^g*adown* the hopeful Chops,
The Fat upon a Cinder drops,
To stinking Smoke it turns the Flame,^f
Pois'ning the Flesh from whence it came,
And up exhales a greasy Stench,
For which you curse the careless Wench:
So, Things which must not be exprest,
When *plumpt* into the reeking Chest,
Send up an excremental Smell,
To taint the Parts from whence they fell;
The Petticoats and Gown perfume,
And waft a Stink round ev'ry Room.

^e *Milton.*

^f *Prima Virorum.*

^g Vid. D—n D——'s Works and N. P——y's.

THUS finishing his grand Survey,
The Swain disgusted slunk away,
Repeating in his am'rous Fits
Oh! *Cælia*, *Cælia*, *Cælia*, sh—,

BUT *Vengeance*, Goddesses never sleeping,
Soon punish'd *Strephon* for his peeping:
His foul Imagination links
Each Dame he sees with all her Stinks;
And, if unsavory Odours fly,
Conceives a Lady standing by.
All Women his Description fits,
And both Ideas jump like Wits;
By vicious Fancy coupled fast,
And still appearing in *Contrast*.

I pity wretched *Strephon*, blind
To all the Charms of Woman Kind.
Should I the *Queen of Love* refuse,
Because she rose from stinking Ooze?
To him that looks behind the Scene,
Statira's but some pocky Quean.

WHEN *Cælia* all her Glory shows,
If *Strephon* would but stop his Nose,
Who now so impiously blasphemes
Her Ointments, Daubs, and Paints, and Creams,
Her Washes, Slops, and ev'ry Clout,
With which he makes so foul a Rout;

He

He soon would learn to think like me,
 And bless his ravish'd Eyes to see
 Such Order from Confusion sprung,
 Such gaudy *Tulips* rais'd from *Dung*.



The Power of TIME*.

Written in the Year 1730.

IF neither Brass nor Marble can withstand
 The mortal Force of *Time's* destructive Hand;
 If Mountains sink to Vales, if Cities die,
 And less'ning Rivers mourn their Fountains dry:
 When my old Castock (said a *Welsh* Divine)
 Is out at Elbows; why should I repine?

• *Scarron* hath written a larger Poem on the same Subject.

THE

THE
REVOLUTION at *Market-Hill*.

Written in the Year 1730.

FROM distant Regions Fortune sends
An odd Triumvirate of Friends;
Where *Phæbus* pays a scanty Stipend,
Where never yet a Codling ripen'd:
Hither the frantick Goddess draws
Three Sufferers in a ruin'd Cause:
By Faction banish'd, here unite
A D—n, a ^a *Spaniard*, and a Knight;
Unite, but on Conditions cruel;
The D—n and *Spaniard* find it too well:
Condemn'd to live in Service hard;
On either Side his Honour's Guard,
The Dean, to guard his Honour's Back,
Must build a Castle at ^b *Drumlack*;

^a Col. *Harry Leslie*, who serv'd and liv'd long in *Spain*.

^b The *Irish* Name of a Farm the D—n took, and was to build on, but chang'd his Mind: He called it *Drapier's Hill*. See that Poem.

The *Spaniard*, sore against his Will,
 Must raise a Fort at *Market-Hill*.
 And thus, the Pair of humble Gentry
 At *North* and *South* are posted Centry;
 While in his lordly Castle fixt,
 The Knight triumphant reigns betwixt:
 And, what the Wretches most resent,
 To be his Slaves, must pay him Rent;
 Attend him daily as their *Chief*,
 Decant his Wine, and carve his Beef.
 Oh, Fortune! 'tis a Scandal for thee
 To smile on those who are least worthy:
 Weigh but the Merits of the Three,
 His Slaves have ten times more than he.

PROUD Baronet of *Nova Scotia*!
 The D—n and *Spaniard* must reproach ye:
 Of their two Fames the World enough rings;
 Where are *thy* Services and Suff'rings?
 What if for nothing once you kist,
 Against the Grain, a M——s Fist?
 What if among the Courtly Tribe
 You lost a Place, and sav'd a Bribe?
 And then in furlly Mood came here
 To Fifteen hundred Pounds a Year,
 And fierce against the Whigs harangu'd?
 You never ventur'd to be hang'd.

How

How dare you treat your Betters thus?
Are you to be compar'd with us?

COME, *Spaniard*, let us from our Farms
Call forth our Cottagers to Arms;
Our Forces let us both unite,
Attack the Foe at Left and Right:
From ^b *Market-Hill*'s exalted Head,
Full northward let your Troops be led;
While I from *Drapiers-Mount* descend,
And to the South my Squadrons bend.
New-River-Walk with friendly Shade
Shall keep my Host in Ambuscade;
While you, from where the Bason stands,
Shall scale the Rampart with your Bands.
Nor need we doubt the Fort to win;
I hold Intelligence within.

True, Lady *Anne* no Danger fears,
Brave as the *Upton* Fan she wears;
Then left upon our first Attack
Her valiant Arm should force us back,
And we of all our Hopes depriv'd;
I have a Stratagem contriv'd.
By these embroider'd high-heel'd Shoes,
She shall be caught as in a Noose;
So well contriv'd her Toes to pinch,
She'll not have Pow'r to stir an Inch:

^b A Village near Sir A——— A———'s Seat.

These gaudy Shoes must ^c *Hannah* place
 Direct before her Lady's Face;
 The Shoes put on, our faithful Portress
 Admits us in, to storm the Fortress;
 While tortur'd Madam bound remains,
 Like *Montezume* in golden Chains,
 Or like a Cat with Walnuts shod,
 Stumbling at ev'ry Step she trod.
 Sly Hunters thus, in *Borneo's* Isle,
 To catch a Monkey by a Wile,
 The mimick Animal amuse,
 They place before him Gloves and Shoes;
 Which when the Brute puts aukward on,
 All his Agility is gone:
 In vain to frisk or climb he tries;
 The Huntsmen seize the grinning Prize.

BUT let us on our first Assault
 Secure the Larder and the Vault:
 The valiant ^d *Dennis* you must fix on,
 And I'll engage with ^e *Peggy Dixon*:
 Then, if we once can seize the Key
 And Chest, that keeps my Lady's Tea,
 They must surrender at Discretion:
 And soon as we have gain'd Possession,

^c My Lady's Waiting-Maid.

^d The Butler.

^e The House-keeper.

We'll

We'll act as other Conqu'rors do,
Divide the Realm between us two :
Then (let me see) we'll make the Knight
Our Clerk, for he can read and write ;
But must not think, I tell him that,
Like ^f *Lorimer*, to wear his Hat ;
Yet, when we dine without a Friend,
We'll place him at the lower End.
Madam, whose Skill does all in Dress lie,
May serve to wait on Mrs. *Leslie* ;
But, lest it might not be so proper,
That her own Maid should over-top her :
To mortify the Creature more,
We'll take her Heels five Inches low'r.

FOR *Hannah*, when we have no need of her,
'Twill be our Int'rest to get rid of her :
And when we execute our Plot,
'Tis best to hang her on the Spot ;
As all your Politicians wise
Dispatch the Rogues by whom they rise.

^f The Agent.

T R A U L U S.

A Dialogue between *Tom* and *Robin*.

The First P A R T.

Written in the Year 1730.

Tom. S A Y, *Robin*, what can *Traulus* mean
By bell'wing thus against the *D—n*?
Why does he call him paltry *Scribler*,
Papist, and *Jacobite*, and *Lib'ler*?
Yet cannot prove a single Fact.

Robin. Forgive him, *Tom*, his Head is crackt.

Tom. What Mischief can the *D—* have done
him,
That *Traulus* calls for Vengeance on him?
Why must he sputter, spawl, and flaver it
In vain against the People's Fav'rite?
Revile that Nation-saving Paper,
Which gave the *D—* the Name of *Draper*?

Robin. Why, *Tom*, I think the Case is plain,
Party and Spleen have turn'd his Brain.

Tom.

Tom. Such Friendship never Man profess,
The D— was never so carest;
For *Traul* long his Rancour nurs,
'Till, God knows why, at last it burst.
That clumsy Outside of a Porter,
How could it thus conceal a Courtier?

Robin. I own, Appearances are bad;
Yet still insist the Man is mad.

Tom. Yet many a Wretch in *Bedlam* knows
How to distinguish Friends from Foes;
And tho' perhaps among the Rout,
He wildly flings his Filth about;
He still has Gratitude and Sap'ence,
To spare the Folkes that give him Ha'pence;
Nor in their Eyes at Random pisses,
But turns aside, like mad *Ulysses*;
While *Traul* all his Ordure scatters,
To foul the Man he chiefly flatters.
Whence come these inconsistent Fits?

Robin. Why, *Tom*, the Man has lost his Wits.

Tom. Agreed: And yet when *Towzer* snaps
At People's Heels with frothy Chaps;
Hangs down his Head, and drops his Tail,
To say he's mad, will not avail:

The Neighbours all cry, *Shoot him dead,
Hang, drown, or knock him on the Head.*

So *Traulus* when he first harangu'd,
I wonder why he was not hang'd ;
For of the two, without Dispute,
Towzer's the less offensive Brute.

Robin. Tom, you mistake the Matter quite ;
Your barking Curs will seldom bite ;
And tho' you hear him Stut-tut-tut-ter,
He barks as fast as he can utter.
He prates in spite of all Impediment,
While none believes that what he said he meant ;
Puts in his Finger and his Thumb,
To grope for Words, and out they come.
He calls you Rogue ; there's nothing in it,
He fawns upon you in a Minute :
Begs Leave to rail, but, d——n his Blood,
He only meant it for your Good :
His Friendship was exactly tim'd,
He shot before your Foes were prim'd,
By this Contrivance, Mr. D——
By G—— I'll bring you off as clean—— §
Then let him use you e'er so rough,
'Twas all for Love, and that's enough.

§ This is the usual Excuse of *Traulus* when he abuses you to others without Provocation.

But

But tho' he sputter thro a Session,
It never makes the least Impression :
Whate'er he speaks, for Madness goes,
With no Effect on Friends or Foes.

Tom. The scrubbiest Cur in all the Pack
Can set the Mastiff on your Back.
I own, his Madness is a Jest,
If that were all, But he's possess'd,
Incarnate with a thousand Imps,
To work whose Ends his Madness pimps;
Who o'er each String and Wire preside,
Fill ev'ry Pipe, each Motion guide ;
Directing ev'ry Vice we find
In Scripture to the Dev'l assign'd ;
Sent from the Dark infernal Region,
In him they lodge, and make him *Legion*.
Of *Brethren* he's a false *Accuser* ;
A Sland'rer, Traytor, and Seducer ;
A fawning, base, trepanning Liar ;
The Marks peculiar of his Sire.
Or, grant him but a Drone at best ;
A Drone can raise a Hornet's Nest.
The D—— hath felt their Stings before ;
And must their Malice ne'er give o'er ?
Still swarm and buzz about his Nose ;
But *Ireland's* Friends ne'er wanted Foes.

A Patriot is a dang'rous Post
 When wanted by his Country most;
 Perverfely comes in evil Times,
 Where Virtues are imputed Crimes.
 His Guilt is clear, the Proofs are pregnant,
 A Traytor to the Vices regnant.

WHAT Spirit since the World began,
 Could *always* bear to *strive with Man*?
 Which God pronounc'd he never wou'd,
 And soon convinc'd them by a Flood.
 Yet still the D— on Freedom raves,
 His Spirit always strives with Slaves.
 'Tis Time at last to spare his Ink,
 And let them rot, or hang, or sink.

TRULUS.

T R A U L U S.

The Second P A R T.

Written in the Year 1730.

T *R A U L U S* of amphibious Breed,
Motly Fruit of Mongrel Seed;
By the *Dam* from Lordlings sprung,
By the *Sire* exhal'd from Dung:
Think on ev'ry Vice in both,
Look on him and see their Growth.

VIEW him on the Mother's Side,
Fill'd with Falshood, Spleen, and Pride;
Positive and over-bearing,
Changing still, and still adhering,
Spightful, peevish, rude, untoward,
Fierce in Tongue, in Heart a Coward;
When his Friends he most is hard on,
Cringing comes to beg their Pardon;
Reputation ever tearing,
Ever dearest Friendship swearing;
Judgment weak, and Passion strong,
Always various, always wrong;

Provo-

Provocation never waits,
Where he loves, or where he hates;
Talks whate'er comes in his Head;
Wishes it were all unsaid.

LET me now the Vices trace,
From the *Father's* scoundrel Race.
Who could give the Looby such Airs;
Were they *Masons*, were they *Butcher's*?
Herald, lend the Muse an Answer,
From his *Atavus* and Grandfire:
This was dext'rous at his Trowel,
That was bred to kill a Cow well;
Hence the greasy clumsy Mien,
In his Dress and Figure seen;
Hence the mean and sordid Soul,
Like his Body, rank and foul;
Hence that wild suspicious Peep,
Like a Rogue that steals a Sheep;
Hence he learnt the Butcher's Guile,
How to cut your Throat and smile;
Like a Butcher doom'd for Life,
In his *Mouth* to wear his *Knife*:
Hence he draws his daily Food,
From his Tenant's vital Blood.

LASTLY, let his Gifts be try'd,
Borrow'd from the *Mason's* Side:

Some

Some perhaps may think him able
In the State to build a *Babel*;
Could we place him in a Station,
To destroy the old *Foundation*:
True, indeed, I should be gladder,
Could he learn to *mount a Ladder*:
May he at his latter End
Mount alive, and dead descend.

In him, tell me, which prevail,
Female Vices most, or Male?
What produc'd him, can you tell,
Human Race, or *Imps of Hell*?



To *B E T T Y* the Grizette.

Written in the Year 1730.

QUEEN of Wit and Beauty, *Betty*!
Never may the Muse forget ye:
How thy Face charms ev'ry Shepherd,
Spotted over like a Leopard,
And, thy freckled Neck display'd,
Envy breeds in ev'ry Maid.

Like

Like a fly-blown Cake of Tallow,
Or on Parchment Ink turn'd yellow ;
Or a tawny speckled Pippin
Shrivel'd with a Winter's keeping.

AND, thy Beauty thus dispatch'd,
Let me praise thy Wit unmatch'd.

SETS of Phrases, cut and dry,
Evermore thy Tongue supply.
And thy Memory is loaded
With old Scraps from Plays exploded :
Stockt with Repartees and Jokes,
Suited to all Christian Folks :
Shreds of Wit, and senseless Rhymes,
Blunder'd out a Thousand Times.
Nor wilt thou of Gifts be sparing,
Which can ne'er be worse for wearing.
Picking Wit among Collegians,
In the Play-House upper Regions ;
Where, in Eighteen-penny Gall'ry,
Irish Nymphs learn *Irish* Raillery ;
But, thy Merit is thy Failing,
And thy Raillery is Railing.

THUS with Talents well endu'd
To be scurrilous and rude ;
When

When you pertly raise your Snout,
 Fleer, and gibe, and laugh, and flout
 This, among *Hibernian* Asses,
 For sheer Wit, and Humour passes!
 Thus, indulgent *Chloe* bit,
 Swears you have a World of Wit.



DEATH and DAPHNE.

To an agreeable young Lady, but extremely lean.

Written in the Year 1730.

DEATH went upon a solemn Day,
 At *Pluto's* Hall, his Court to pay:
 The Phantom, having humbly kist
 His grisly Monarch's sooty Fist,
 Presented him the weekly Bills
 Of Doctors, Fevers, Plagues, and Pills.
Pluto observing since the Peace,
 The burial Article decrease;
 And, vex't to see Affairs miscarry,
 Declar'd in Council, *Death* must marry:

Vow'd

Vow'd he no longer could support
 Old Batchelors about his Court:
 The Int'rest of his Realm had need
 That *Death* should get a num'rous Breed;
 Young *Deathlings*, who, by Practice made
 Proficient in their Father's Trade,
 With Colonies might stock around
 His large Dominions under Ground.

A CONSULT of Coquets below
 Was call'd, to rig him out a Beau:
 From her own Head, *Megara* takes
 A Periwig of twisted Snakes;
 Which in the nicest Fashion curl'd,
 Like ^h *Toupets* of this upper World,
 (With Flow'r of Sulphur powder'd well,
 That graceful on his Shoulders fell)
 An Adder of the sable Kind,
 In Line direct, hung down behind.
 The Owl, the Raven, and the Bat,
 Club'd for a Feather to his Hat;
 His Coat, an Us'rer's Velvet Pall,
 Bequeath'd to *Pluto*, Corps and all.
 But loth his Person to expose
 Bare, like a Carcase pickt by Crows,
 A Lawyer o'er his Hands and Face,
 Stuck artfully a Parchment Case.

^h The Periwigs now in Fashion are so called.

No

No new-fluxt Rake shew'd fairer Skin ;
 Not *Phillis* after lying-in.
 With Snuff was fill'd his Ebon Box,
 Of Shin-Bones rotted by the Pox.
 Nine Spirits of blaspheming Fops,
 With Aconite anoint his Chops :
 And give him Words of dreadful Sounds,
 G—d d—n his Blood, and B—d and W—ds.

THUS furnish'd out, he sent his Train
 To take a House in *Warwick-Lane* :
 The *Faculty*, his humble Friends,
 A complimental Message sends :
 Their President, in scarlet Gown,
 Harangu'd, and welcom'd him to Town.

BUT *Death* had Bus'ness to Dispatch ;
 His Mind was running on his Match.
 And, hearing much of *Daphne's* Fame,
 His *Majesty of Terrors* came,
 Fine as a Col'nel of the Guards,
 To visit where she sat at Cards :
 She, as he came into the Room,
 Thought him *Adonis* in his Bloom.
 And now her Heart with Pleasure jumps,
 She scarce remembers what is Trumps.
 For, such a Shape of Skin and Bone
 Was never seen, except her own :

Charm'd with his Eyes and Chin and Snout,
Her Pocket-Glass drew flily out ;
And grew enamour'd with her Phiz,
As just the Counterpart of his.
She darted many a private Glance,
And freely made the first Advance.
Was of her Beauty grown so vain,
She doubted not to win the *Swain*.
Nothing she thought could sooner gain him,
Than with her Wit to entertain him.
She ask'd about her Friends below ;
This Meagre Fop, that batter'd Beau :
Whether some late departed Toasts
Had got Gallants among the Ghosts ?
If *Chloe* were a Sharper still,
As great as ever, at Quadrille ?
(The Ladies there must needs be Rooks,
For Cards, we know, are *Pluto's* Books)
If *Florimel* had found her Love,
For whom she hang'd herself above ;
How oft a Week was kept a Ball
By *Proserpine*, at *Pluto's* Hall ?
She fancy'd those *Elysian* Shades
The sweetest Place for Masquerades :
How pleasant on the Banks of *Styx*,
To troll it in a Coach and Six !

WHAT

WHAT Pride a Female Heart enflames!
 How endless are Ambition's Aims!
 Cease, haughty Nymph; the Fates decree,
 Death must not be a Spouse for thee:
 For, when by Chance the meagre Shade
 Upon thy Hand his Finger laid;
 Thy Hand as dry and cold as Lead;
 His matrimonial Spirit fled,
 He felt about his Heart a Damp,
 That quite extinguish'd Cupid's Lamp:
 Away the frightened Spectre scuds,
 And leaves my Lady in the Suds.



On *Stephen Duck*, the Thresher, and
 Favourite Poet.

A QUIBBLING EPIGRAM.

Written in the Year 1730.

THE Thresher *Duck* could o'er the 2-
 prevail:

The Proverb says, *No Fence against a Flail.*
 From *threshing* Corn, he turns to *thresh* his Brains;
 For which her *M——y* allows him *Grains*.

Though 'tis confest, that those who ever saw
 His Poems, think them all not worth a *Straw*!
 Thrice happy *Duck*, employ'd in threshing *Stubble*!
 Thy Toil is lessen'd, and thy Profits double.



A

Panegyrick on the D—N.

In the Person of a Lady in the
North.

Written in the Year 1730.

RESOLV'D my Gratitude to show,
 Thrice Rev'rend D—n, for all I owe,
 Too long I have my Thanks delay'd;
 Your Favours left too long unpay'd;
 But now in all our Sex's Name,
 My artless Muse shall sing your Fame.

INDULGENT you to Female Kind,
 To all their weaker Sides are blind;

Nine more such Champions as the D—n
Would soon restore our ancient Reign.
How well to win the Ladies' Hearts,
You celebrate their Wit and Parts!
How have I felt my Spirits rais'd,
By you so oft, so highly prais'd!
Transform'd, by your convincing Tongue;
To witty, beautiful, and young.
I hope to quit that aukward Shame
Affected by each vulgar Dame,
To Modesty a weak Pretence;
And soon grow pert on Men of Sense,
To shew my Face with scornful Air;
Let others match it if they dare.

IMPATIENT to be out of Debt,
O, may I never once forget
The Bard, who humbly deigns to chuse
Me for the subject of his Muse.
Behind my Back, before my Nose,
He sounds my Praise in Verse and Prose.

My Heart with Emulation burns
To make you suitable Returns:
My Gratitude the World shall know:
And, see, the Printer's Boy below;
Ye Hawkers all, your Voices lift;
A Panegyrick on D—n S—

And then to mend the Matter still;

By Lady Anne of ^a *Market-Hill*.

I THUS begin; My grateful Muse

Salutes the D— in diff'rent Views;

D—n, Butler, Usher, Jester, Tutor;

^b *Robert* and *Darby's* Coadjutor:

And as you in Commission sit,

To rule the Dairy next to ^c *Kit*.

In each Capacity I mean

To sing your Praise. And first as D—n:

Envy must own, you understand your

Precedence, and support your Grandure:

Nor of your Rank will bate an Ace,

Except to give D—n D—l Place.

In you such Dignity appears;

So suited to your State and Years!

With Ladies what a strict Decorum!

With what Devotion you adore 'um!

Treat me with so much Complaisance,

As fits a Princess in Romance.

By your Example and Assistance,

The *Fellows* learn to know their Distance.

^a A Village near Sir A—— A——'s House, where the Author passed two Summers.

^b The Names of two Overseers.

^c My Lady's Footman.

Sir *A—r*, since you set the Pattern,
No longer calls me *Snipe* and *Slattern*;
Nor dares he, tho' he were a Duke,
Offend me with the least Rebuke.

PROCEED we to your ^dPreaching next;
How nice you split the hardest Text!
How your superior Learning shines
Above our neighb'ring dull Divines!
At *Beggar's Opera* not so full Pit
Is seen, as when you mount our Pulpit.

CONSIDER now your Conversation,
Regardful of your Age and Station,
You ne'er was known, by Passion stir'd,
To give the least offensive Word:
But still, whene'er you Silence break,
Watch ev'ry Syllable you speak:
Your Style so clear, and so concise,
We never ask to hear you twice.
But then, a Parson so genteel,
So nicely clad from Head to Heel;
So fine a Gown, a Band so clean,
As well becomes *St. P—k's D—*
Such reverential Awe express,
That Cow-boys know you by your Dress!

^d The Author preach'd but once while he was there.

Then, if our Neighb'ring Friends come here,
 How proud are we when you appear!
 With such Address, and graceful Port,
 As clearly shews you bred at Court!

No w raise your Spirits, Mr. D—,
 I lead you to a nobler Scene;
 When to the Vault you walk in State,
 In Quality of^e *Butler's* Mate;
 You next to *Dennis* bear the Sway:
 To you we often trust the Key:
 Nor can he judge with all his Art
 So well, what Bottle holds a Quart:
 What Pints may best for Bottles pass,
 Just to give ev'ry Man his Glas:
 When proper to produce the best;
 And what may serve a common Guest.
 With^f *Dennis* you did ne'er combine,
 Not you, to steal your Master's Wine;
 Except a Bottle now and then,
 To welcome *Brother* Serving-men;
 But, that is with a good Design,
 To drink Sir A——r's Health and mine;
 Your Master's Honour to maintain;
 And get the like Returns again.

^e He sometimes used to direct the Butler.

^f The Butler.

YOUR

YOUR ^s Usher's Post must next be handled:
How bless'd am I by such a Man led!
Under whose wise and careful Guardship,
I now despise Fatigue and Hardship:
Familiar grown to Dirt and Wet,
Though daggled round, I scorn to fret.
From you my Chamber-Damsels learn
My broken Hose to patch and darn.

Now, as a Jester I accost you;
Which never yet one Friend has lost you.
You judge so nicely to a Hair,
How far to go, and when to spare.
By long Experience grown so wise,
Of ev'ry Taste to know the Size,
There's none so ignorant or weak
^h To take Offence at what you speak.
Whene'er you joke, 'tis all a Case
Whether with *Dermot*, or *His Grace*:
With *Teague O Murphy*, or an Earl,
A Dutcheß or a Kitchen Girl.
With such Dexterity you fit
Their sev'ral Talents to your Wit,
That *Moll* the Chamber-maid can smoke,
And *Gaghagan* take ev'ry Joke.

^s He sometimes used to walk with the Lady.

^h The neighbouring Ladies were no great Under-standers of Raillery.

I NOW

I now become your humble Suitor,
 To let me praise you as my ⁱ Tutor.
 Poor I, a Savage bred and born,
 By you instructed ev'ry Morn,
 Already have improv'd so well,
 That I have almost learnt to spell:
 The Neighbours who come here to dine,
 Admire to hear me speak so *fine*.
 How enviously the Ladies look,
 When they surprise me at my Book!
 And, sure as they're alive at Night,
 As soon as gone, will show their Spight:
 Good Lord! what can my Lady mean,
 Conversing with that rusty D—n!
 She's grown so nice, and so ^k *penurious*,
 With *Socrates* and *Epicurius*.
 How could she sit the live-long Day,
 Yet never ask us once to play?

BUT, I admire your Patience most;
 That when I'm duller than a Post,
 Nor can the plainest Word pronounce,
 You neither fume, nor fret, nor flounce;

ⁱ In bad Weather the Author used to direct my Lady in her Reading.

^k Ignorant Ladies often mistake the Word *penurious* for *nice* and *dainty*.

Are

Are so indulgent, and so mild,
As if I were a darling Child.
So gentle is your whole Proceeding,
That I could spend my Life in reading.

You merit new Employments daily :
Our Thatcher, Ditcher, Gard'ner, Baily.
And, to a Genius so extensive
No Work is grievous or offensive.
Whether, your fruitful Fancy lies
To make for Pigs convenient Styes,
Or ponder long, with anxious Thought,
To banish Rats that haunt our Vault.
Nor have you grumbled, Rev'rend D—n,
To keep our Poultry sweet and clean ;
To sweep the Mansion-House they dwell in ;
And cure the rank unsav'ry Smelling.

Now, enter as the Dairy Handmaid :
Such charming¹ Butter never Man made.
Let others with Fanatick Face,
Talk of their *Milk* for *Babes of Grace* ;
From *Tubs* their snuffling Nonsense utter :
Thy *Milk* shall make us *Tubs* of Butter.
The Bishop with his *Foot* may burn it,
But with his *Hand*, the Dean can churn it.

¹ A Way of making Butter for Breakfast, by filling a Bottle with Cream, and shaking it till the Butter comes.
How

How are the Servants overjoy'd
 To see thy D—nship thus employ'd!
 Instead of poring on a Book,
 Providing Butter for the Cook;
 Three Morning-Hours you tofs and shake
 The Bottle, till your Fingers ake:
 Hard is the Toil, nor small the Art,
 The Butter from the Whey to part;
 Behold, a frothy Substance rise;
 Be cautious, or your Bottle flies:
 The Butter comes, our Fears are ceas'd;
 And out you squeeze an Ounce at least.

YOUR Rev'rence thus, with like Success,
 Nor is your Skill, or Labour less,
 When bent upon some smart Lampoon,
 You tofs and turn your Brain till Noon;
 Which, in its Jumbings round the Skull,
 Dilates and makes the Vessel full;
 While nothing comes but Froth at first,
 You think your giddy Head will burst:
 But, squeezing out four Lines in Rhime,
 Are largely paid for all your Time.

BUT, you have rais'd your gen'rous Mind
 To Works of more exalted Kind.
Palladio was not half so skill'd in
 The Grandeur or the Art of Building.

Two Temples of magnifick Size
Attract the curious Trav'ler's Eyes,
That might be envy'd by the *Greeks*;
Rais'd up by you in twenty Weeks:
Here, gentle Goddess *Cloacine*
Receives all Off'rings at her Shrine.
In sep'rate Cells the He's and She's
Here pay their Vows with *bended Knees*:
(For, 'tis profane when Sexes mingle;
And ev'ry Nymph must enter single,
And when she feels an *inward Motion*,
Come fill'd with *Rev'rence* and Devotion.)
The bashful Maid, to hide her Blush,
Shall creep no more behind a Bush;
Here unobserv'd, she boldly goes,
As who should say, to *pluck a Rose*.

YE who frequent this hallow'd Scene,
Be not ungrateful to the D——n;
But duly e're you leave your Station,
Offer to him a pure Libation;
Or of his own, or ^m *Smedley's Lay*,
Or Billet-doux, or Lock of Hay:
And, O! may all who hither come,
Return with unpolluted Thumb.

^m See the Character hereafter.

YET

YET when your lofty Domes I praise,
 I sigh to think of ancient Days.
 Permit me then to raise my Style,
 And sweetly moralize a while.

THEE, bounteous Goddess *Cloacine*!
 To Temples why do we confine?
 Forbid in open Air to breathe,
 Why are thine Altars fixt beneath?

WHEN *Saturn* rul'd the Skies alone,
 That golden Age, to Gold unknown;
 This earthly Globe to thee assign'd,
 Receiv'd the Gifts of all Mankind.
 Ten thousand Altars *smoking* round,
 Were built to thee, with Off'rings crown'd:
 And here thy daily Vot'ries plac'd
 Their Sacrifice with Zeal and Haste:
 The Margin of a purling Stream
 Sent up to thee a grateful Steam.
 (Tho' sometimes thou wert pleas'd to wink,
 If *Naiads* swept them from the Brink)
 Or, where appointing Lovers rove,
 The Shelter of a shady Grove:
 Or, offer'd in some flow'ry Vale,
 Where wafted by a gentle Gale.
 There, many a Flow'r absterfivè grew,
 Thy fav'rite Flow'rs of yellow Hue;

The

The Crocus and the Daffodil,
The Cowslip soft, and sweet Jonquill.

BUT, when at last usurping *Jove*
Old *Saturn* from his Empire drove;
Then *Gluttony* with greasy Paws
Her Napkin pinn'd up to her Jaws,
With wat'ry Chaps, and wagging Chin,
Brac'd like a Drum her oily Skin;
Wedg'd in a spacious Elbow-Chair,
And on her Plate a treble share,
As if she ne'er could have enough,
Taught harmless Man to cram and stuff.
She sent her Priest in Wooden Shoes
From haughty *Gauls* to make Ragoos.
Instead of wholesome Bread and Cheese,
To dress their Soupes and Fricassees;
And, for our home-bred *British* Cheer,
Botargo, Catsup, and Caveer.

THIS bloated Harpy, sprung from Hell,
Confin'd Thee, Goddess, to a Cell:
Sprung from her Womb that impious Line,
Contemners of thy Rites divine.
First, lolling *Sloth*, in Woollen Cap,
Taking her after-Dinner Nap:
Pale *Dropsey* with a fallow Face,
Her Belly burst, and slow her Pace:

And

And lordly *Gout* wrapt up in Furr:
 And wheezing *Asthma*, loth to stir:
 Voluptuous *Ease*, the Child of *Wealth*,
 Infecting thus our Hearts by Stealth;
 None seek thee now in open Air,
 To thee no verdant Altars rear;
 But, in their Cells and Vaults obscene
 Present a Sacrifice unclean;
 From whence unsav'ry Vapours rose,
 Offensive to thy nicer Nose.
 Ah! who in our degen'rate Days,
 As Nature prompts, his Off'ring pays?
 Here, Nature never Diff'rence made
 Between the Sceptre and the Spade.

YE Great Ones, why will ye disdain
 To pay your Tribute on the Plain?
 Why will you place in lazy Pride
 Your Altars near your Couches Side?
 When from the homeliest Earthen Ware
 Are sent up Off'rings more sincere,
 Than where the haughty Dutchess locks
 Her Silver Vase in Cedar-Box.

YET, some Devotion still remains
 Among our harmless Northern Swains;

▪ Vide *Virgil* and *Lucretius*.

Whose

Whose Off'rings plac'd in Golden Ranks,
Adorn our crystal River's Banks:
Nor seldom grace the flow'ry Downs,
With spiral Tops, and Copple-Crowns:
Or gilding in a sunny Morn
The humble Branches of a Thorn.
(So Poets sing, with ^a golden Bough
The *Trojan* Hero paid his Vow.)

HITHER by luckless Error led,
The crude Consistence oft I tread,
Here, when my Shoes are out of case,
Unweeting gild the tarnish'd Lace:
Here, by the sacred Bramble ting'd,
My Petticoat is doubly fring'd.

BE Witness for me, Nymph divine,
I never robb'd thee with Design:
Nor, will the zealous *Hannah* pout
To wash thy injur'd Off'rings out.

But stop, ambitious Muse, in time,
Nor dwell on Subjects too sublime.
In vain on lofty Heels I tread,
Aspiring to exalt my Head;
With Hoop expanded wide and light,
In vain I 'tempt too high a Flight.

ME^b *Phœbus* in a^c Midnight Dream
 Accosting, said^d *Go shake your Cream.*
 Be humbly minded, know your Post;
 Sweeten your Tea, and watch your Toast.
 Thee best befits a lowly Style:
 Teach *Dennis* how to stir the Guile:
 With^e *Peggy Dixon* thoughtful sit,
 Contriving for the Pot and Spit.
 Take down thy proudly swelling Sails,
 And rub thy Teeth, and pare thy Nails:
 At nicely carving shew thy Wit;
 But ne'er presume to eat a Bit:
 Turn ev'ry Way thy watchful Eye;
 And ev'ry Guest be sure to ply:
 Let never at your Board be known
 An empty Plate except your own.
 f Be these thy Arts; nor higher aim
 Than what befits a rural Dame.

BUT *Cloacina* Goddess bright,
 Sleek — claims her as his Right:

^b *Cynthius aurem vellit.* Hor.

^c *Cum somnia vera.* Idem.

^d In the Bottle to make Butter.

^e Mrs. *Dixon* the House-keeper.

^f *Hæ tibi erunt artes.* Virg.

And *Smedley*, Flow'r of all Divines,
Shall sing the D—n in *Smedley's* Lines.



The Place of the DAMN'D.

Written in the Year 1731.

ALL Folks, who pretend to *Religion* and *Grace*,
Allow there's a *HELL*, but dispute of the
Place :

But if *HELL* may by Logical Rules be defin'd
The Place of the Damn'd — I'll tell you my
Mind.

WHEREVER the Damn'd do chiefly abound,
Most certainly there is *HELL* to be found:
Damn'd *Poets*, damn'd *Criticks*, damn'd *Blockheads*,
damn'd *Knaves*,
Damn'd *Senators* brib'd, damn'd prostitute *Slaves*;
Damn'd *Lawyers* and *Judges*, damn'd *Lords* and
damn'd *Squires*;
Damn'd *Spies* and *Informers*, damn'd *Friends* and
damn'd *Lyars*;

§ A very stupid, insolent, factious, deformed, conceited Parson, a vile Pretender to Poetry, preferred by the D. of *Grafton* for his Wit.

196 *Poems on several Occasions.*

Damn'd *Villains*, corrupted in every *Station*;
 Damn'd *Time-serving Priests* all over the *Nation*.
 And into the Bargain I'll readily give you
 Damn'd ignorant *Prelates*, and *Counsellors Privy*.
 Then let us no longer by *Parsons* be flamm'd,
 For we know by these *Marks*, the Place of the
 Damn'd:
 And HELL to be sure is at *Paris* or *Rome*,
 How happy for *Us* that it is not at *Home*!



A beautiful young Nymph going to
 Bed.

Written for the Honour of the Fair Sex, in 1731.

CORRINNA, Pride of *Drury-Lane*,
 For whom no Shepherd sighs in vain:
 Never did *Covent-Garden* boast
 So bright a batter'd strolling Toast:
 No drunken Rake to pick her up,
 No Cellar where on Tick to sup;
 Returning at the Midnight Hour,
 Four Stories climbing to her Bow'r;

Then

Then seated on a three-legg'd Chair,
Takes off her artificial Hair.
Now, picking out a crystal Eye,
She wipes it clean, and lays it by.
Her Eye-brows from a Mouse's Hide,
Stuck on with Art on either Side,
Pulls off with Care, and first displays 'em,
Then in a Play-book smoothly lays 'em.
Now dex'trouly her Plumpers draws,
That serve to fill her hollow Jaws.
Untwists a Wire, and from her Gums
A Set of Teeth completely comes.
Pulls out the Rags contriv'd to prop
Her flabby Dugs, and down they drop.
Proceeding on, the lovely Goddess
Unlaces next her Steel-rib'd Bodice,
Which by the Operator's Skill,
Press down the Lumps, the Hollows fill;
Up goes her Hand, and off she slips
The Bolsters that supply her Hips.
With gentlest Touch, she next explores
Her Cancers, Issues, running Sores;
Effects of many a sad Disaster,
And then to each applies a Plaster,
But must, before she goes to Bed,
Rub off the Daubs of White and Red,
And smooth the Furrows in her Front,
With greasy Paper stuck upon't.

She takes a *Bolus* e'er she sleeps;
 And then between two Blankets creeps.
 With Pains of Love tormented lies;
 Or if she chance to close her Eyes,
 Of *Bridewell* and the *Compter* dreams,
 And feels the Lash, and faintly screams;
 Or, by a faithless Bully drawn,
 At some Hedge-Tavern lies in Pawn;
 Or, to *Jamaica* seems transported,
 Alone, and by no Planter courted;
 Or, near *Fleet-Ditch's* oozy Brinks,
 Surrounded with a hundred Stinks,
 Belated, seems on watch to lie,
 And snap some Cully passing by;
 Or, struck with Fear, her Fancy runs
 On Watchmen, Constables, and Duns,
 From whom she meets with frequent Rubs:
 But, never from religious Clubs;
 Whose Favour she is sure to find,
 Because she pays them all in Kind.

Corinna wakes. A dreadful Sight!
 Behold the Ruins of the Night!
 A wicked Rat her Plaster stole,
 Half eat, and dragg'd it to his Hole.

Et longam incommittata videtur
 Ire viam ——— Virg.

The

The crystal Eye, alas! was mist;
And Puss had on her Plumpers p—ft.
A Pigeon pickt her Issue-Peas:
And *Shock* her Tresses fill'd with Fleas.

THE Nymph, tho' in this mangled Plight,
Must ev'ry Morn her Limbs unite,
But how shall I describe her Arts
To recollect the scatter'd Parts?
Or shew the Anguish, Toil, and Pain,
Of gath'ring up herself again?
The bashful Muse will never bear
In such a Scene to interfere.
Corinna in the Morning dizen'd,
Who sees will spew; who smells be poison'd.



STREPHON and CHLOE.

Written in the Year 1731.

OF *Chloe* all the Town has rung,
 By ev'ry Size of Poets sung:
 So beautiful a Nymph appears
 But once in twenty thousand Years:
 By Nature form'd with nicest Care,
 And, faultless to a single Hair.
 Her graceful Mien, her Shape, and Face,
 Confest her of no mortal Race:
 And then, so nice, and so genteel,
 Such Cleanliness from Head to Heel,
 No Humours gross, or frowzy Steams,
 No noisome Whiffs, or sweaty Streams,
 Before, behind, above, below,
 Could from her taintless Body flow.
 Would so discreetly things dispose,
 None ever saw her pluck a Rose.
 Her dearest Comrades never caught her
 Squat on her Hams, to make Maid's Water.
 You'd swear, that so divine a Creature
 Felt no Necessities of Nature.
 In Summer, had she walk'd the Town,
 Her Arm-pits would not stain her Gown:

At

At Country-Dances, not a Nose
Could in the Dog-Days smell her Toes.
Her Milk-white Hand, both Palms and Backs,
Like Iv'ry dry, and soft as Wax.
Her Hands, the softest ever felt,
! Tho' cold would burn, tho' dry would melt.

DEAR *Venus*, hide this wond'rous Maid,
Nor let her loose to spoil your Trade.
While she engrosses ev'ry Swain,
You but o'er half the World can reign.
Think what a Case all Men are now in,
What ogling, sighing, toasting, vowing;
What powder'd Wigs! What Flames and Darts!
What hampers full of bleeding Hearts!
What Sword-knots! What poetick Strains!
What Billet-doux, and clouded Canes!

BUT *Strephon* sigh'd so loud and strong,
He blew a Settlement along:
And bravely drove his Rivals down
With Coach and Six, and House in Town,
The bashful Nymph no more withstands,
Because her dear Papa commands.
The charming Couple now unites:
Proceed we to the Marriage-Rites.

! Tho' deep, yet clear, &c. *Denham.*

IMPRIMIS,

IMPRIMIS, at the Temple-Porch
 Stood *Hymen* with a flaming Torch;
 The smiling *Cyprian* Goddess brings
 Her infant Loves with purple Wings;
 And Pigeons billing, Sparrows treading,
 Fair Emblems of a fruitful Wedding.
 The Muses next in Order follow,
 Conducted by their Squire, *Apollo* :
 Then *Mercury*, with Silver Tongue,
 And *Hebe*, Goddess ever young.
 Behold, the Bridegroom and his Bride
 Walk Hand in Hand, and Side by Side;
 She by the tender Graces drest,
 But, he by *Mars*, in Scarlet Vest.
 The Nymph was cover'd with her ^k *Flammeum*,
 And *Phœbus* fung th' *Epithalamium*^l.
 And last, to make the Matter sure,
 Dame *Juno* brought a Priest demure.
 * *Luna* was absent, on Pretence
 Her Time was not till Nine Months hence.

THE Rites perform'd, the Parson paid,
 In State return'd the grand Parade;
 With loud Huzza's from all the Boys,
 That, now the Pair must crown their Joys.

^k A Veil which the Roman Brides cover'd themselves with, when they were going to be married.

^l A Marriage-song.

* *Diana*, Goddess of Midwives.

BUT still the hardest Part remains.
Strephon had long perplex'd his Brains,
 How with so high a Nymph he might
 Demean himself the Wedding-night:
 For, as he view'd his Person round,
 Mere mortal Flesh was all he found:
 His Hand, his Neck, his Mouth, and Feet
 Were duly wash'd to keep them sweet;
 (With other Parts that shall be nameless,
 The Ladies else might think me shameless.)
 The Weather and his Love were hot;
 And should he struggle, I know what—
 Why let it go, if I must tell it—
 He'll sweat, and then the Nymph may smell it.
 While she, a Goddess dy'd in Grain,
 Was unsusceptible of Stain:
 And, *Venus*-like, her fragrant Skin
 Exhal'd *Ambrosia* from within.
 Can such a Deity endure
 A mortal human Touch impure?
 How did the humbled Swain detest
 His prickly Beard, and hairy Breast!
 His Night-cap border'd round with Lace
 Could give no Softness to his Face.

YET, if the Goddess could be kind,
 What endless Raptures must he find!

And,

And Goddeffes have now and then
Come down to visit mortal Men:
To visit and to court them too:
A certain Goddeff, God knows who,
(As in a book he heard it read)
Took Col'nel *Peleus* to her Bed.
But, what if he should lose his Life
By vent'ring *on* his heav'nly Wife?
For *Strephon* could remember well,
That once he heard a School-boy tell,
How *Semele* of mortal Race
By Thunder dy'd in *Jove's* Embrace:
And what if daring *Strephon* dies
By Lightning shot from *Chloe's* Eyes?

WHILE these Reflections fill'd his Head,
The Bride was put in Form to Bed:
He follow'd stript, and in he crept,
But, awfully his Distance kept.

Now, *Ponder well, ye Parents dear*;
Forbid your Daughters guzzling Beer;
And, make them ev'ry Afternoon
Forbear their Tea, or drink it soon:
That, e'er to Bed they venture up,
They may discharge it ev'ry Sup.
If not, they must in evil Plight
Be often forc'd to rise at Night.

Keep

Keep them to wholesome Food confin'd,
 Nor let them taste what causes Wind;
 ('Tis this ^m the Sage of *Samos* means,
 Forbidding his Disciples Beans.)
 O! think what Evils must ensue;
 Miss *Moll* the Jade will burn it blue:
 And when she once has got the Art,
 She cannot help it for her Heart;
 But, out it flies, ev'n when she meets
 Her Bridegroom in the Wedding-Sheets.
ⁿ *Carminative* and ^o *Diuretick*,
 Will damp all Passion Sympathetick:
 And Love such Nicety requires,
 One *Blast* will put out all his Fires.
 Since Husbands get behind the Scene,
 The Wife should study to be clean;
 Nor give the smallest Room to guess
 The Time when Wants of Nature press;
 But, after Marriage, practise more
 Decorum than she did before;
 To keep her Spouse deluded still,
 And make him fancy what she will.

^m A well known Precept of *Pythagoras*, not to eat Beans.

ⁿ Medicines to break Wind.

^o Medicines to provoke Urine.

IN Bed we left the married Pair:

'Tis Time to shew how Things went there.

Strephon, who had been often told

That Fortune still assists the Bold,

Resolv'd to make the first Attack;

But *Chloe* drove him fiercely back.

How could a Nymph so chaste as *Chloe*,

With Constitution cold, and snowy,

Permit a brutish Man to touch her?

Ev'n Lambs by Instinct fly the Butcher.

Resistance on the Wedding-night

Is what our Maidens claim by Right:

And, *Chloe*, 'tis by all agreed,

Was Maid in Thought, and Word, and Deed.

Yet, some assign a different Reason;

That *Strephon* chose no proper Season.

SAY, Fair ones, must I make a Pause?

Or freely tell the secret Cause.

TWELVE Cups of Tea (with Grief I speak)

Had now constrained the Nymph to leak.

This Point must needs be settled first:

The Bride must either void or burst.

Then, see the dire Effect of Pease.

Think what can give the Colic Ease.

The Nymph oppress'd before, behind,

As Ships are toils'd by Waves and Wind,

Steals

Steals out her Hand, by Nature led,
And brings a Vessel into Bed:
Fair Utensil, as smooth and white
As *Chloe's* Skin, almost as bright.

Strephon who heard the fuming Rill
As from a mossy Cliff distil,
Cried out, Ye Gods! what sound is this?
Can *Chloe*, heav'nly *Chloe*,—?
But, when he smelt a noisome Steam,
Which oft attends that lukewarm Stream;
(*Salerno* ^p both together joins
As sov'reign Med'cines for the Loins)
And, though contriv'd, we may suppose,
To slip his Ears, yet struck his Nose:
He found her, while the Scent increas'd,
As mortal as himself at least.
But, soon with like Occasions prest,
He boldly sent his Hand in quest
(Inspir'd with Courage from his Bride)
To reach the Pot on t'other Side:
And as he fill'd the reeking Vase,
Let fly a Rouzer in her Face.

^p *Vide Schol. Salern. Rules of Health, written by
the School of Salernum.*

Mingere cum bumtis res est saluberrima lumbis.

THE little *Cupids* hov'ring round,
 (As Pictures prove) with Garlands crown'd,
 Abash'd at what they saw and heard,
 Flew off, nor ever more appear'd.

ADIEU to ravishing Delights,
 High Raptures, and romantick Flights;
 To Goddesses so heav'nly sweet,
 Expiring Shepherds at their Feet;
 To silver Meads, and shady Bow'rs,
 Drest up with *Amaranthin* Flow'r's.

How great a Change! how quickly made!
 They learn to call a Spade a Spade.
 They soon from all Constraint are freed;
 Can see each other *do their Need*.
 On Box of Cedar sits the Wife,
 And makes it warm for *Dearest Life*.
 And by the beastly way of thinking,
 Find great Society in stinking.
 Now, *Strephon* daily entertains
 His *Chloe* in the homli'st Strains;
 And *Chloe* more experienc'd grown,
 With Int'rest pays him back his own.
 No Maid at Court is less ashamed,
 Howe'er for selling Bargains fam'd,
 Than she, to name her Parts behind,
 Or, when a-bed to let out Wind.

FAIR *Decency*, celestial Maid,
Descend from Heav'n to Beauty's Aid;
Though Beauty may beget Desire,
'Tis thou must fan the Lover's Fire:
For Beauty, like supreme Dominion,
Is best supported by Opinion:
If Decency bring no Supplies,
Opinion falls, and Beauty dies.

To see some radiant Nymph appear
In all her glitt'ring Birth-day Gear,
You think some Goddess from the Sky
Descended ready cut and dry:
But, e'er you sell yourself to Laughter,
Consider well what may come after;
For fine Ideas vanish fast,
While all the gross and filthy last.

O *Strephon*, e'er that fatal Day
When *Chloe* stole your Heart away,
Had you but through a Cranny spy'd
On House of Ease your future Bride,
In all the Postures of her Face,
Which Nature gives in such a Case;
Distortions, Groanings, Strainings, Heavings:
'Twere better you had lick'd her Leavings,
Than from Experience find too late
Your Goddess grown a filthy Mate.

Your Fancy then had always dwelt
On what you saw, and what you smelt;
Would still the same Ideas give ye,
As when you spy'd her on the Privy.
And, 'spight of *Chloe's* Charms divine,
Your Heart had been as whole as mine.

AUTHORITIES, both old and recent,
Direct that Women must be decent;
And, from the Spouse each Blemish hide
More than from all the World beside.

UNJUSTLY all our Nymphs complain,
Their Empire holds so short a Reign;
Is, after Marriage, lost so soon,
It hardly holds the Honey-moon:
For, if they keep not what they caught,
It is entirely their own Fault.
They take Possession of the Crown,
And then throw all their Weapons down:
Though by the Politicians Scheme,
Whoe'er arrives at Pow'r supreme
Those Arts by which at first they gain it,
They still must practise to maintain it.

WHAT various Ways our Females take
To pass for Wits before a Rake!

And

And in the fruitless Search pursue
All other Methods but the true.

SOME try to learn polite Behaviour,
By reading Books against their Saviour:
Some call it witty to reflect
On ev'ry natural Defect:
Some shew they never want explaining,
To comprehend a double Meaning.
But, sure a Tell-tale out of School
Is of all Wits the greatest Fool:
Whose rank Imagination fills
Her Heart, and from her Lips distils;
You'd think she utter'd from behind,
Or at her Mouth was breaking Wind.

WHY is a handsome Wife ador'd
By ev'ry Coxcomb but her Lord?
From yonder Puppet-Man inquire,
Who wisely hides his Wood and Wire;
Shews *Sheba's* Queen completely drest,
And *Solomon* in Royal Vest;
But, view them litter'd on the Floor,
Or strung on Pegs behind the Door;
Punch is exactly of a Piece
With *Lorrain's* Duke, and Prince of Greece.

A prudent Builder should forecast
How long the Stuff is like to last ;
And, carefully observe the Ground,
To build on some Foundation sound :
What House, when its Materials crumble,
Must not inevitably tumble ?
What Edifice can long endure,
Rais'd on a Basis unsecure ?
Rash Mortals, e'er you take a Wife,
Contrive your Pile to last for Life :
Since Beauty scarce endures a Day,
And Youth so swiftly glides away ;
Why will you make yourself a Bubble,
To build on Sand, with Hay and Stubble ?

On Sense and Wit your Passion found,
By Decency cemented round ;
Let Prudence with Good nature strive,
To keep Esteem and Love alive.
Then come old Age whene'er it will,
Your Friendship shall continue still :
And thus a mutual gentle Fire
Shall never but with Life expire.

APOLLO:

A P O L L O:

O R

A P R O B L E M solved.

Written in the Year 1731.

A P O L L O, God of Light and Wit,
Could Verse inspire, but seldom writ;
Refin'd all Metals with his Looks,
As well as Chemists by their Books;
As handsome as my Lady's Page;
Sweet Five and Twenty was his Age.
His Wig was made of sunny Rays,
He crown'd his youthful Head with Bays:
Not all the Court of Heav'n could shew
So nice and so complete a Beau.
No Heir upon his first Appearance,
With Twenty Thousand Pounds a Year Rents,
E'er drove, before he sold his Land,
So fine a Coach along the Strand;
The Spokes, we are by *Ovid* told,
Were Silver, and the Axle Gold.
(I own, 'twas but a Coach and Four,
For *Jupiter* allows no more.)

P 3

YET,

YET, with his Beauty, Wealth, and Parts,
 Enough to win Ten thousand Hearts,
 No vulgar Deity above
 Was so unfortunate in Love.

THREE weighty Causes were assign'd,
 That mov'd the Nymphs to be unkind.
 Nine Muses always waiting round him,
 He left them Virgins as he found 'em.
 His Singing was another Fault;
 For he could reach to *B* in *alt* :
 And, by the Sentiments of *Pliny*,
 Such Singers are like *Nicolini*.
 At last, the Point was fully clear'd !
 In Short, *Apollo* had no Beard,

CASSINUS

CASSINUS and *PETER*.

A Tragical ELEGY.

Written in the Year 1731.

TWO College Sophs of *Cambridge* Growth,
Both special Wits, and Lovers both,
Conferring, as they us'd to meet,
On Love, on Books, in Rapture sweet;
(Muse, find me Names to fit my Metre,
Cassinus this, and t'other *Peter*)
Friend *Peter* to *Cassinus* goes,
To chat a while and warm his Nose:
But, such a fight was never seen,
The Lad lay swallow'd up in Spleen.
He seem'd as just crept out of Bed;
One greasy Stocking round his Head,
The other he sat down to darn
With Threads of diff'rent colour'd Yarn.
His Breeches torn, exposing wide
A ragged Shirt, and tauny Hide.
Scorch'd were his Shins, his Legs were bare,
But, well embrown'd with Dirt and Hair.
A Rug was o'er his Shoulders thrown;
A Rug; for Night-gown he had none.

His Jordan stood in Manner fitting
 Between his Legs, to spew or spit in.
 His ancient Pipe in Sable dy'd,
 And half unsmoak'd lay by his Side.

HIM, thus accouter'd, *Peter* found,
 With Eyes in Smoak and Weeping drown'd :
 The Leavings of his last Night's Pot
 On Embers plac'd, to drink it hot.

WHY, *Cassy*, thou wilt doze thy Pate :
 What makes thee lie a-bed so late ?
 The Finch, the Linnet, and the Thrush,
 Their Mattins chant in ev'ry Bush :
 And I have heard thee oft salute
Aurora with thy early Flute.
 Heav'n send thou hast not got the Hyps !
 How ? Not a Word come from thy Lips !

THEN, gave him some familiar Thumps,
 A College Joke, to cure the Dumps.

THE Swain at last, with Grief oppress'd,
 Cry'd *Cælia* ! thrice, and sigh'd the rest.

DEAR *Cassy*, though to ask I dread,
 Yet ask I must. Is *Cælia* dead ?

How

How happy I, were that the worst?
But I was fated to be curst.

COME, tell us, has she play'd the Whore?

OH *Peter*, would it were no more!

WHY, Plague confound her sandy Locks;
Say, has the small or greater Pox
Sunk down her Nose, or seam'd her Fate?
Be easy, 'tis a common Case.

O *Peter*! Beauty's but a Varnish,
Which Time and Accidents will tarnish:
But *Cælia* has contriv'd to blast
Those Beauties that might ever last.
Nor can Imagination guess,
Nor Eloquence Divine express,
How that ungrateful charming Maid
My purest Passion has betray'd.
Conceive the most invenom'd Dart,
To pierce an injur'd Lover's Heart.

WHY, hang her; though she seem'd so coy,
I know she loves the Barber's Boy.

FRIEND *Peter*, this I could excuse;
For, ev'ry Nymph has leave to chuse;

Nor

Nor have I reason to complain,
 She loves a more deserving Swain.
 But, oh! how ill hast thou divin'd
 A Crime that shocks all human Kind;
 A Deed unknown to Female Race,
 At which the Sun should hide his Face;
 Advice in vain you would apply——
 Then leave me to despair and die.
 Ye kind *Arcadians*, on my Urn
 These Elegies and Sonnets burn;
 And on the Marble grave these Rhimes
 A Monument to after Times:
 “ Here *Cassy* lies, by *Cælia* slain,
 “ And dying, never told his Pain.

VAIN empty World, farewell. But, hark,
 The loud *Cerberian* triple Bark,
 And there —— behold *Alecto* stand,
 A Whip of Scorpions in her Hand.
 Lo, *Charon* from his leaky Wherry,
 Beck'ning to waft me o'er the Ferry.
 I come, I come,—— *Medusa!* see,
 Her Serpents hiss direct at me.
 Begone; unhand me, hellish Fry:
 * Avaunt —— ye cannot say 'tis I.

* See *Macbeth*.

DEAR *Cassy*, thou must purge and bleed;
I fear thou wilt be mad indeed.
But now, by Friendship's sacred Laws,
I here conjure thee, tell the Cause;
And *Cælia*'s horrid Fact relate:
Thy Friend would gladly share thy Fate.

To force it out, my Heart must rend:
Yet, when conjur'd by such a Friend——
Think, *Peter*, how my Soul is rack'd,
These Eyes, these Eyes beheld the Fact.
Now bend thine Ear, since out it must;
But, when thou seest me laid in Dust,
The Secret thou shalt ne'er impart,
Not to the Nymph that keeps thy Heart;
(How would her Virgin Soul bemoan,
A Crime to all her Sex unknown!)
Nor whisper to the rattling Reeds,
The blackest of all Female Deeds;
Nor blab it on the lonely Rocks,
Where *Echo* fits, and list'ning, mocks;
Nor let the Zephyrs' treach'rous Gale
Through *Cambridge* waft the direful Tale;
Nor to the chatt'ring feather'd Race
Discover *Cælia*'s foul Disgrace.
But, if you fail, my Spectre dread
Attending nightly round your Bed:

And

And yet, I dare confide in you ;
So, take my Secret, and adieu.

NOR wonder how I lost my Wits;
Oh! *Cælia, Cælia, Cælia*, sh—.



J U D A S.

Written in the Year 1731.

BY the just Vengeance of incensed Skies,
Poor Bishop *Judas*, late repenting, dies.
The *Jews* engag'd him in a paltry Bribe,
Amounting hardly to a Crown a Tribe;
Which, tho' his Conscience forc'd him to restore,
(And, Parsons tell us, no Man can do more)
Yet, through Despair, of God and Man accurst,
He lost his Bishoprick, and hang'd or burst.
Those former Ages differ'd much from this;
Judas betray'd his Master with a Kiss:
But, some have kiss'd the Gospel fifty times,
Whose Perjury's the least of all their Crimes:
Some who can perjure thro' a two Inch Board,
Yet keep their Bishopricks, and 'scape the Cord.

Like

Like *Hemp*, which by a skilful Spinster drawn
To slender Threads, may sometimes pass for Lawn.

As ancient *Judas* by Transgression fell,
And burst asunder, e'er he went to Hell;
So, could we see a Set of new *Isariots*,
Come headlong tumbling from their mitred Cha-
riots,
Each modern *Judas* perish like the first;
Drop from the Tree with all his Bowels burst;
Who could forbear, that view'd each guilty
Face,
To cry; *Lo, Judas gone to his own Place:*
His Habitation let all Men forsake,
And let his Bishoprick another take.



On Mr. *P*——y's being put out of the
Council.

Written in the Year 1731.

SIR *R*——weary'd by *Will. P*——y's Teazings,
Who interrupted him in all his Leasings,
Resolv'd that *Will.* and he should meet no more;
Full in his Face *Bob* shuts the Council Door:
Nor

Nor lets him sit as Justice on the Bench,
 To punish Thieves, or lash a Suburb Wench.
 Yet still St. *Stephen's* Chapel open lies
 For *Will* to enter—What shall I advise?
 E'en quit the House, for thou too long hast
 sat in't,

Produce at last thy dormant Ducal Patent;
 There, near thy Master's Throne in Shelter plac'd,
 Let *Will* unheard by thee his Thunder waste.
 Yet still I fear your Work is done but Half:
 For while he keeps his Pen, you are not safe.

HEAR an old Fable, and a dull one too;
 Yet bears a Moral when apply'd to you.

A Hare had long escap'd pursuing Hounds,
 By often Shifting into distant Grounds;
 Till finding all his Artifices vain,
 To save his Life, he leap'd into the Main.
 But there, alas! he could no Safety find;
 A Pack of *Dog-fish* had him in the Wind.
 He scours away; and, to avoid the Foe,
 Descends for Shelter to the Shades below,
 There *Cerberus* lay watching in his Den,
 (He had not seen a Hare the Lord knows
 when)

Out bounc'd the Mastiff of the triple Head;
 Away the Hare with double Swiftneſs fled,

Hunted from Earth, and Sea, and Hell he flies
(Fear lent him Wings) for safety to the Skies.
How was the fearful Animal distressed!
Behold a Foe more fierce than all the rest:
Syrius, the swiftest of the heav'nly Pack,
Fail'd but an Inch to seize him by the Back.
He fled to Earth, but first it cost him dear,
He left his Scut behind, and half an Ear.

THUS was the Hare pursu'd, tho' free from
Guilt;
Thus *B*—— shalt thou be mawl'd, fly where
thou wilt:
Then honest *R*——n, of thy Corpse beware;
Thou art not half so nimble as a Hare:
Too pond'rous is thy Bulk to mount the Sky;
Nor can you go to *Hell* before you die.
So keen thy *Hunters*, and thy *Scent* so strong,
Thy *Turns* and *Deublings* cannot save thee long.

The Author having been told by an intimate Friend, that the Duke of Queensberry had employed Mr. Gay to inspect the Accounts and Management of his Grace's Receivers and Stewards (which, however, proved afterwards to be a Mistake) writ to Mr. Gay the following Poem.

In the Year 1731.

HOW could you, Gay, disgrace the Muses
 Train,
 To serve a tasteless C——t twelve Years in vain!
 Fain would I think our *Female Friend*^a sincere,
 Till B——, the Poet's Foe, possess her Ear.
 Did Female Virtue e'er so high ascend,
 To lose an Inch of Favour for a Friend?

SAY, had the Court no better Place to chuse
 For thee, than make a Dry-nurse of thy Muse?
 How cheaply had thy Liberty been sold,
 To^b 'squire a Royal Girl of two Years old!
 In Leading-Strings her infant Steps to guide,
 Or, with her Go-cart amble Side by Side.

^a Mrs. Howard, since Countess of Suffolk.

^b See Mr. Gay's Letter to Dr. Swift on this Subject, in Mr. Pope's Works, Let. xxvi.

BUT

BUT Princely *Douglas*^a, and his Glorious Dame
Advanc'd thy Fortune, and preserv'd thy Fame.
Nor will your noble Gifts be misapply'd,
When o'er your Patron's Treasure you preside:
The World shall own his Choice was wise and
just,
For Sons of *Phæbus* never break their Trust.

NOT Love of Beauty less the Heart inflames
Of Guardian Eunuchs to the *Sultan's* Dames;
Their Passions not more impotent and cold,
Than those of Poets to the *Lust* of Gold.
With *Pæan's* purest Fire his Fav'rites glow,
The Dregs will serve to ripen Ore below;
His meanest Work: For, had he thought it fit,
That Wealth should be the Appenage of Wit,
The God of *Light* could ne'er have been so *blind*,
To deal it to the worst of Human-kind.

BUT let me now, for I can do it well,
Your Conduct in this new Employ foretell.

AND first: To make my Observation right,
I place a ST — N full before my Sight,
A bloated M — R in all his Geer,
With shameless Visage, and perfidious Leer;
Two Rows of Teeth arm each devouring Jaw
And, Ostrich-like, his all-digesting Maw.

^a The Duke of *Queensberry*.

My Fancy drags this *Monster* to my View,
 To shew the World his chief Reverse in you.
 Of loud unmeaning Sounds a rapid Flood
 Rolls from his Mouth in plenteous Streams of
 Mud ;

With these, the C**t and S**te-h**se he plies,
 Made up of Noise, and Impudence, and Lies.

Now, let me shew how B— and you agree,
 You serve a ^b *Potent Prince*, as well He.
 The *Ducal* Coffers, trusted to your Charge,
 Your honest Care may fill, perhaps enlarge :
 His Vassals easy, and the Owner blest,
 They pay a Trifle, and enjoy the rest.
 Not so a Nation's Revenues are paid :
 The Servants' Faults are on the Master laid.
 The People with a Sigh their Taxes bring ;
 And cursing B—, forget to bless the —

NEXT, hearken, GAY, to what thy Charge
 requires,
 With *Servants, Tenants*, and the neighb'ring
 'Squires.

Let all Domesticks feel your gentle Sway:
 Nor bribe, insult, nor flatter, nor betray.
 Let due Reward to Merit be allow'd ;
 Nor, with your *KINDRED* half the *Palace*
crowd.

^b A Title given to Dukes by the Heralds:

Nor

Nor think yourself secure in doing wrong,
By telling Noses with a Party strong.

BE rich ; but of your Wealth make no Parade ;
At least, *before your Master's Debts are paid.*
Nor, in a Palace, built with Charge immense,
Presume to treat him at his own Expence.
Each Farmer in the Neighbourhood can count
To what your lawful Perquisites amount.
The Tenants poor, the Hardness of the Times,
Are ill Excuses for a Servant's Crimes.
With Int'rest, and a *Premium* paid beside,
The Master's pressing Wants must be supply'd ;
With hasty Zeal, behold the Steward come,
By his own Credit to advance the Sum ;
Who, while *th' unrighteous Mammon* is his Friend,
May well conclude his Pow'r will never end.
A faithful Treas'rer ! What could he do more ?
He lends my Lord, what was my Lord's before.

THE Law so strictly guards the Monarch's
Health,
That no Physician dares prescribe by Stealth :
The Council sit ; approve the Doctor's Skill ;
And give Advice before he gives the Pill.
But the *State Emp'ric* acts a safer Part ;
And while he *poisons*, wins the Royal Heart.

BUT how can I describe the rav'nous Breed?
Then, let me now by Negatives proceed.

SUPPOSE your Lord a trusty Servant send,
On weighty Bus'ness, to some neighb'ring Friend:
Presume not, *Gay*, unless you serve a Drone,
To countermand his Orders by your own.

SHOULD some imperious Neighbour sink the
Boats,
And drain the *Fish-ponds*, while your *Master* doats;
Shall he upon the Ducal Rights intrench,
Because he brib'd you with a Brace of Tench?

NOR, from your Lord his bad Condition hide;
To feed his Luxury, or sooth his Pride.
Nor, at an under Rate his Timber sell,
And, with an Oath, assure him, *all is well*.
Nor, swear it rotten^c; and with humble *Airs*
Request it of him to compleat your Stairs.
Nor, when a Mortgage lies on half his Lands,
Come with a Purse of Guineas in your Hands.

HAVE *Peter Waters* always in your Mind;
That Rogue of genuine ministerial Kind.

^c These Lines are thought to allude to some Story concerning a great Quantity of Mahogany declared rotten, and then applied by some body to Wain-scots, Stairs, Door-Cases, &c.

Can

Can half the Peerage by his Arts bewitch ;
Starve twenty Lords to make one Scoundrel
rich :

And when he gravely has undone a Score,
Is humbly pray'd to ruin twenty more ^d.

A Dext'rous Steward, when his Tricks are
found,
Hush-money sends to all the Neighbours round ;
His Master, unsuspecting of his Pranks,
Pays all the Cost, and gives the Villain Thanks.
And should a Friend attempt to set him right,
His Lordship would impute it all to Spight :
Would love his Fav'rite better than before,
And trust his Honesty just so much more.
Thus Families like Realms, with equal Fate,
Are sunk by *premier Ministers of State*.

SOME, when an Heir succeeds, go boldly on,
And, as they robb'd the *Father*, rob the *Son*.
A Knave, who deep embroils his Lord's Affairs,
Will soon grow *necessary* to his Heirs.
His Policy consists in *setting Traps*,
In finding *Ways and Means*, and *stopping Gaps*.

^d He had practised this Trade for many Years with
Success.

230 *Poems on several Occasions.*

He knows a Thousand Tricks, whene'er he
please,

Though not to cure, yet palliate each Disease.
In either Case, an equal Chance is run;
For, keep, or turn him out, my Lord's undone.
You want a Hand to clear a filthy Sink;
No cleanly Workman can endure the Stink.
A strong Dilemma in a desp'rate Case!
To act with Infamy, or quit the Place.

A Bungler thus, who scarce the Nail can hit,
With driving wrong will make the Pannel split:
Nor dares an abler Workman undertake
To drive a second, lest the whole should break.

IN ev'ry Court the Parallel with hold;
And Kings, like private Folks, are bought and
fold.

The ruling Rogue who dreads to be cashier'd,
Contrives, as he is *bated*, to be *fear'd*:
Confounds Accounts, perplexes all Affairs;
For, *Vengeance* more *embroils*, than *Skill Repairs*.
So, Robbers (and their Ends are just the same)
To 'scape Enquiries, *leave the House in Flame*.

I knew a *brazen* Minister of State,
Who bore for twice ten Years the publick Hate:

In

In ev'ry Mouth the Question most in Vogue
Was, *When will THEY turn out this odious
Rogue?*

A Juncture happen'd in his highest Pride :
While HE went robbing on, *old Master* dy'd.
We thought, there now remain'd no Room to
doubt ;

His Work is done, the Minister must out
The Court *invited* more than One, or Two ;
Will you, Sir S——r ? or, will you, or you ?
But, not a Soul his Office durst accept ;
The subtle Knave had all the Plunder swept.
And such was then the Temper of the Times,
He ow'd his Preservation to his Crimes.

The Candidates observ'd his dirty Paws,
Nor found it difficult to guess the Cause :
But when they smelt such foul Corruptions round
him ;

Away they fled, and left him as they found him.

THUS, when a greedy Sloven once has thrown
His *Snot* into the *Mess* ; 'tis all his own.

The following Poem was first printed in Fog's Journal of the 17th of Sep. 1733. The Subject of it is now over; but our Author's known Zeal against that Project made it be generally supposed to be his. It was occasioned by the B—s of Ireland endeavouring to get an Act to divide the Church Livings; which Bill was rejected by the Irish House of Commons.

Written in the Year 1731.

OLD Latimer preaching did fairly describe
A B——— who rul'd all the rest of his
Tribe;

And who is this B——? and where does he
dwell?

Why truly 'tis *Satan*, Arch-b— of Hell?

And HE was a Primate, and HE wore a Mitre
Surrounded with Jewels of Sulphur and Nitre.

How nearly this B—— our B——s resembles!

But he has the Odds, who *believes* and who
trembles.

Could you see his grim *Grace*, for a Pound to a
Penny,

You'd swear it must be the *Baboon* of K—y:

Poor *Satan* will think the Comparison odious:

I wish I could find him out one more commo-
dious.

But

But this I am sure, the *Most rev'rend old Dragon*
Has got on the Bench many B——s suffragan ;
And all Men believe he presides there *incog.*
To give them by Turns an invisible Jog.

OUR B——s, puffed up with Wealth and with
Pride,
To Hell on the Backs of the Clergy would ride.
They mounted, and labour'd with Whip and with
Spur,
In vain — for the Devil a Parson would stir.
So the *Commons* unhors'd them, and this was
their Doom,
On their Crostiers to ride, like a Witch on a
Broom.
Tho' they gallop'd so fast on the Road you may
find 'em,
And have left us but three out of twenty, behind
'em.
Lord B——'s good Grace, Lord ——, and
Lord H——,
In spite of the Devil would still be untoward.
They came of good Kindred, and could not
endure,
Their former Companions should beg at their
Door.

WHEN

234 *Poems on several Occasions.*

WHEN *CHRIST* was betray'd to *Pilate*
the *Prætor*,
Of a Dozen Apostles but one prov'd a Traytor:
One Traytor alone, and faithful Eleven;
But we can affore you Six Traytors in Seven.

WHAT a Clutter with Clippings, Dividings,
and Cleavings.
And the Clergy forsooth! must take up with their
Leavings.
If making *Divisions* was all their Intent,
They've done it, we thank 'em, but not as they
meant;
And so may such B——s for ever *divide*,
That no honest Heathen would be on their Side.
How should we rejoice, if, like *Judas* the first,
Those Splitters of Parsons in sunder should burst?

Now hear an Allusion:—A Mitre, you know,
Is divided above, but united below.
If this you consider, our Emblem is right;
The B——s *divide*, but the Clergy *unite*.
Should the Bottom be split, our B——s would
dread
That the Mitre would never stick fast on their
Head,
And yet they have learnt the chief Art of a Sov'-
reign,
As *Machiavel* taught 'em; *Divide, and ye govern.*
But

But, Courage, my L—ds; tho' it cannot be said
That one *Cloven Tongue* ever sat on your Head;
I'll hold you a Groat, and I wish I cou'd see't,
If your Stockings were off, you could shew
cloven Feet.

BUT hold, cry the B—s; and give us fair
Play;
Before you condemn us, hear what we can say.
What truer Affections could ever be shown
Than saving your Souls, by damning our own?
And have we not practis'd all Methods to gain you?
With the Tythe of the Tythe of the Tythe to
maintain you?
Provided a Fund for building you Spittles?
You are only to live four Years without Vittles.
Content, my good L—ds; but let us change
Hands;
First take you our Tythes, and give us your Lands.
So GOD bless the Church, and three of our Mi-
tres;
And GOD bless the *Commons* for *Biting the Biters.*

To the Reverend

Dr. SWIFT, *D. S. P. D.*

*With a Present of a Paper-Book, finely
bound, on his Birth-Day, November 30,
1732.*

By the Right Hon. JOHN Earl of ORRERY.

TO thee, dear SWIFT, these spotless Leaves I
send;

Small is the Present, but sincere the Friend.

Think not so poor a Book below thy Care;

Who knows the Price that thou canst make it
bear?

Tho' tawdry now, and, like *Tyrilla's* Face,

The specious Front shines out with borrow'd
Grace;

Tho' Past-boards glitt'ring like a tinsel'd Coat,

A *Rasa Tabula* within denote:

Yet if a venal and corrupted Age,

And modern Vices should provoke thy Rage;

If warn'd once more by their impending Fate,

A sinking Country and an injur'd State

Thy

Thy great Assistance should again demand,
And call forth Reason to defend the Land;
Then shall we view these Sheets with glad Sur-
prize,

Inspir'd with Thought, and speaking to our Eyes:
Each vacant Space shall then, enrich'd, dispense
True Force of Eloquence, and nervous Sense;
Inform the Judgment, animate the Heart,
And sacred Rules of Policy impart.

The spangled Cov'ring, bright with splendid Oar,
Shall cheat the Sight with empty Show no more:
But lead us inward to those golden Mines,
Where all thy Soul in native Lustre shines.

So when the Eye surveys some lovely Fair,
With Bloom of Beauty grac'd, with Shape and
Air,

How is the Rapture heighten'd, when we find
Her Form excell'd by her celestial Mind?



*Verses left with a Silver Standish, on the
Dean of St. Patrick's Desk, on his Birth-
Day.*

HITHER from *Mexico* I came,
To serve a proud *Iernian* Dame:
Was long submitted to her Will,
At length she lost me at *Quadrille*.
Thro' various Shapes I often pass'd,
Still hoping to have Rest at last:
And still ambitious to obtain
Admittance to the Patriot Dean;
And sometimes got within his Door,
* But soon turn'd out to serve the Poor;
Not strolling Idleness to aid,
But honest Industry decay'd.
At length an Artist purchas'd me,
And wrought me to the Shape you see.

THIS done, to *Hermes* I apply'd:
“ O *Hermes*, gratify my Pride;
“ Be it my Fate to serve a Sage,
“ The greatest Genius of his Age;
“ That matchless Pen let me supply,
“ Whose living Lines will never die.

* Alluding to 500*l.* a Year lent by the Dean without Interest, to poor Tradesmen.

I grant

I grant your Suit, the God reply'd,
And here he left me to reside.



*Verses written by Dr. SWIFT occasioned by
the foregoing Presents.*

A PAPER Book is sent by Boyle,
Too neatly gilt for me to foil.
Delany sends a Silver Standish,
When I no more a Pen can brandish.
Let both around my Tomb be plac'd,
As Trophies of a Muse deceas'd:
And let the friendly Lines they writ,
In Praise of long departed Wit,
Be grav'd on either Side in Columns,
More to my Praise than all my Volumes;
To burst with Envy, Spite, and Rage,
The *Vandals* of the present Age.

T H E

Hardship put upon the L A D I E S.

Written in the Year 1733.

POOR Ladies! tho' their Bus'ness be to play,
 'Tis hard they must be busy Night and Day:
 Why should they want the Privilege of Men,
 Nor take some small Diversions now and then?
 Had Women been the Makers of our Laws,
 (And why they were not, I can see no Cause;)
 The Men should slave at Cards from Morn to
 Night;
 And Female Pleasures be to read and write.



A L O V E S O N G.

In the MODERN Taste.

Written in the Year 1733.

I.

FLutt'ring spread thy purple Pinions,
 Gentle *Cupid*, o'er my Heart;
 I a Slave in thy Dominions;
 Nature must give Way to Art.

I

II.

II.

Mild *Arcadians*, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your Flocks,
See my weary Days consuming,
All beneath yon flow'ry Rocks.

III.

Thus the *Cyprian* Goddess weeping,
Mourn'd *Adonis*, darling Youth:
Him the Boar in Silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting Tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious Numbers;
Fair *Discretion*, string the Lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking Slumbers:
Bright *Apollo*, lend thy Choir.

V.

Gloomy *Pluto*, King of Terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine Chains,
Lead me to the Crystal Mirrors,
Wat'ring soft *Elysian* Plains.

VI.

Mournful Cypress, verdant Willow,
Gilding my *Aurelia's* Brows,
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my Pillow,
Hear me pay my dying Vows.

VII.

Melancholy smooth *Mæander*,
Swiftly purling in a Round,
On thy Margin Lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry Chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when *Philomela* drooping,
Softly seeks her silent Mate,
See the Bird of *Juno* stooping;
Melody resigns to Fate.

*On the Words Brother-Protestants, and
Fellow-Christians, so familiarly used by
the Advocates for the Repeal of the Test-
Act in Ireland.*

Written in the Year 1733.

AN Inundation, says the Fable,
O'erflow'd a Farmer's Barn and Stable ;
Whole Ricks of Hay and Stacks of Corn
Were down the sudden Current borne ;
While Things of heterogeneous Kind
Together float with Tide and Wind ;
The gen'rous Wheat forgot its Pride,
And sail'd with Litter Side by Side ;
Uniting all, to shew their Amity,
As in a general Calamity.
A Ball of new dropt Horse's Dung,
Mingling with Apples in the Throng,
Said to the Pippin, plump and prim,
See, Brother, how we Apples swim.

THUS *Lamb*, renown'd for Cutting Corns,
An offer'd Fee from *Radcliff* scorns :
Not for the World—we Doctors, Brother,
Must take no Fees of one another.
Thus to a Dean some Curate Sloven,
Subscribes, *Dear Sir, your Brother loving.*

Thus all the Footmen, Shoe-boys, Porters,
About *St. James's*, cry, *We Courtiers*.

Thus *H—ce* in the House will prate,
Sir, we the Ministers of State.

Thus at the Bar that * * * * *

Tho' Half a Crown o'er pays his Sweat's Worth;
Who knows in Law, nor Text, nor Margent,
Calls *Singleton* his Brother Serjeant.

And thus Fanatic Saints, tho' neither in
Doctrine nor Discipline our Brethren,
Are *Brother Protestants* and *Christians*,
As much as *Hebrews* and *Philistines*:

But in no other Sense, than Nature
Has made a Rat our Fellow-Creature.

Lice from your Body suck their Food;

But is a Louse your Flesh and Blood?

Tho' born of human Filth and Sweat, it
May as well be said Man did beget it.

But Maggots in your Nose and Chin

As well may claim you for their Kin.

YET Criticks may object, Why not?

Since Lice are Brethren to a *S—t*:

Which made our Swarm of Sects determine

Employments for their Brother Vermin.

But be they *English*, *Irish*, *Scottish*,

What Protestant can be so sottish,

While

While o'er the Church these Clouds are gath'ring,
To call a Swarm of Lice his Brethren;

As *Moses*, by divine Advice,
In *Egypt* turn'd the Dust to Lice;
And as our Sects, by all Descriptions,
Have Hearts more harden'd than *Egyptians*;
As from the trodden Dust they spring,
And, turn'd to Lice, infest the King:
For Pity's Sake it would be just,
A *Rod* should turn them back to *Dust*.

LET Folks in high or holy Stations,
Be proud of owning such Relations;
Let Courtiers hug them in their Bosom,
As if they were afraid to lose 'em:
While I, with humble *Job*, had rather,
Say to Corruption — *Thou'rt my Father*;
For he that has so little Wit,
To nourish Vermin, may be *bit*.

ON
POETRY:
A
RHAPSODY.

ALL human Race would fain be *Wits*,
And Millions miss, for one that hits.
Young's universal Passion, *Pride*,
Was never known to spread so wide.
Say, *Britain*, could you ever boast
Three *Poets* in an Age at most?
Our chilling Climate hardly bears
A *Sprig* of Bays in fifty Years:
While ev'ry Fool his Claim alledges,
As if it grew in common Hedges.
What Reason can there be assign'd
For this Perverseness in the Mind?
Brutes find out where their Talents lie;
A *Bear* will not attempt to fly;
A founder'd *Horse* will oft debate
Before he tries a five-barr'd Gate:
A *Dog* by Instinct turns aside,
Who sees the Ditch too deep and wide.

But

But *Man* we find the only Creature
Who, led by *Folly*, combats *Nature* ;
Who, when *ſhe* loudly cries, *Forbear*,
With *Obſtinacy* fixes there ;
And where his *Genius* leaſt inclines,
Abſurdly bends his whole Deſigns.

Not *Empire* to the Riſing Sun,
By Valour, Conduct, Fortune won ;
Not higheſt *Wiſdom* in Debates,
For framing Laws to govern States ;
Not Skill in Sciences profound,
So large to graſp the Circle round ;
Such heav'nly Influence require,
As how to ſtrike the *Muſe's Lyre*.

Not Beggar's Brat, on Bulk begot ;
Not Baſtard of a Pedlar *Scot* ;
Not Boy brought up to cleaning Shoes,
The Spawn of *Bridewell*, or the Stews ;
Not Infants dropt, the ſpurious Pledges
Of *Gipſies* litt'ring under Hedges,
Are ſo diſqualify'd by Fate
To riſe in *Church*, or *Law*, or *State*,
As he, whom *Phœbus* in his Ire
Hath blaſted with poetick Fire.

WHAT hope of Custom in the *Fair*,
While not a Soul demands your Ware ?
Where you have nothing to produce
For private Life, or publick Uſe ?

Court, City, Country want you not ;
 You cannot bribe, betray, or plot.
 For Poets Law makes no Provision ;
 The Wealthy have you in Derision ;
 Of State Affairs you cannot smatter ;
 Are aukward when you try to flatter ;
 Your Portion, taking *Britain* round,
 * Was just one annual Hundred Pound ;
 Now not so much as in Remainder
 Since *Cibber* brought in an Attainder ;
 For ever fix'd, by Right Divine,
 (A Monarch's Right) on *Grubstreet* Line.

POOR starv'ling Bard, how small thy Gains !
 How unproportion'd to thy Pains !
 And here a *Simile* comes pat in :
 Tho' *Chicken* take a Month to fatten,
 The Guest in less than half an Hour
 Will more than half a Score devour,
 So, after toiling twenty Days,
 To earn a Stock of Pence and Praise,
 Thy Labours, grown the Critick's Prey,
 Are swallow'd o'er a Dish of Tea ;
 Gone, to be never heard of more,
 Gone, where the *Chicken* went before.
 How shall a new Attempter learn
 Of diff'rent Spirits to discern,

* Paid to the Poet Laureat, which Place was given
 to one *Cibber*, a Player,

And

And how distinguish, which is which,
The Poet's Vein, or scribbling Itch?
Then hear an old experienc'd Sinner,
Instructing thus a young Beginner.

CONSULT yourself, and if you find
A pow'rful Impulse urge your Mind,
Impartial judge within your Breast
What Subject you can manage best;
Whether your Genius most inclines
To Satyre, Praise, or hum'rous Lines,
To Elegies in mournful Tone,
Or Prologue sent from hand unknown.
Then rising with *Aurora's* Light,
The Muse invok'd, sit down to write;
Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
Enlarge, diminish, interline;
Be mindful, when Invention fails,
To scratch your Head, and bite your Nails.

YOUR Poem finish'd, next your Care
Is needful to transcribe it fair.
In modern Wit all printed Trash is
Set off with num'rous *Breaks* — and *Dashes* —

To Statesmen would you give a Wipe,
You print it in *Italick Type*.
When Letters are in vulgar Shapes,
'Tis ten to one the Wit escapes;
But when in *Capitals* exprest,
The dullest Reader smoaks the Jest:

Or

Or else perhaps he may invent
 A better than the Poet meant;
 As learned Commentators view
 In *Homer* more than *Homer* knew.

YOUR Poem in its modish dress,
 Correctly fitted for the Press,
 Convey by Penny-post to *Lintot*,
 But let no Friend alive look into't.
 If *Lintot* thinks 'twill quit the Cost,
 You need not fear your Labour lost:
 And how agreeably surpriz'd
 Are you to see it advertis'd!
 The Hawker shews you one in Print,
 As fresh as Farthings from the Mint:
 The Product of your Toil and Sweating;
 A Bastard of your own begetting.

BE sure at *Will's* the following Day,
 Lie snug, and hear what Criticks say.
 And if you find the gen'ral Vogue
 Pronounces you a stupid Rogue,
 Damns all your Thoughts, as low and little,
 Sit still and swallow down your Spittle.
 Be silent as a Politician,
 For talking may beget Suspicion:
 Or praise the Judgment of the Town,
 And help yourself to run it down.
 Give up your fond paternal Pride,
 Nor argue on the weaker Side;

For

For Poems read without a Name
We justly praise, or justly blame;
And Criticks have no partial Views,
Except they know whom they abuse:
And since you ne'er provok'd their Spight,
Depend upon't their Judgment's right.
But if you blab, you are undone;
Consider what a Risk you run:
You lose your Credit all at once;
The Town will mark you for a Duncel:
The vilest Doggrel *Grubstreet* sends
Will pass for yours with Foes and Friends.
And you must bear the whole Disgrace,
'Till some fresh Blockheads take your Place.

YOUR Secret kept, your Poem sunk,
And sent in Quires to line a Trunk;
If still you be dispos'd to rhyme,
Go try your Hand a second Time.
Again you fail, yet Safe's the Word,
Take Courage, and attempt a Third.
But first with Care imploy your Thoughts,
Where Criticks mark'd your former Faults;
The trivial Turns, the borrow'd Wit,
The *Similes* that nothing fit;
The *Cant* which ev'ry Fool repeats,
Town-Jests, and Coffee-house Conceits;
Descriptions tedious, flat, and dry,
And introduc'd the Lord knows why;

Or

Or where we find your fury set
Against the harmless Alphabet;
On A's and B's your Malice vent,
While Readers wonder whom you meant;
A publick or a private Robber,
A Statesman, or a South-Sea Jobber,
A Prelate who no God believes,
A ———, a Den of Thieves,
A Pick-purse at the Bar or Bench,
A Duchess, or a Suburb Wench.
Or oft when Epithets you link,
In gaping Lines to fill a Chink;
Like Stepping-Stones to save a Stride,
In Streets where Kennels are too wide;
Or like a Heel-piece, to support
A Cripple with one Foot too short;
Or like a Bridge that joins a Marish
To Moorlands of a diff'rent Parish.
So have I seen ill-coupled Hounds
Drag diff'rent Ways, in miry Grounds.
So Geographer's in *Afric* Maps
With Savage Pictures fill their Gaps,
And o'er unhabitable Downs
Place Elephants, for want of Towns.

BUT tho' you miss your third Essay,
You need not throw your Pen away.
Lay now aside all Thoughts of Fame,
To spring more profitable Game.

From

From Party Merit seek Support;
 The vilest Verse thrives best at Court,
 A Pamphlet in Sir *Bob's* Defence
 Will never fail to bring in Pence;
 Nor be concern'd about the Sale,
 He pays his Workmen on the Nail.

A Prince the Moment he is crown'd,
 Inherits ev'ry Virtue round;
 As Emblems of the sov'reign Pow'r;
 Like other Bawbles of the Tow'r:
 Is gen'rous, valiant, just, and wise,
 And so continues till he dies:
 His humble *Senate* this professes,
 In all their *Speeches, Votes, Addresses*:
 But once you fix him in a Tomb,
 His Virtues fade, his Vices Bloom;
 And each Perfection, wrong imputed,
 Is fully at his Death confuted.
 The Loads of Poems in his Praise
 Ascending make one Fun'ral Blaze:
 As soon as you can hear his Knell,
 This God on Earth turns *D—l* in Hell:
 And, lo! his Ministers of State,
 Transform'd to Imps, his Levee wait;
 Where, in this Scene of endless Woe,
 They ply their former Arts below;
 And as they sail in *Charon's* Boat,
 Contrive to bribe the Judge's Vote;

To *Cerberus* they give a Sop,
 His triple barking Mouth to stop,
 Or in the Iv'ry Gate^a of Dreams
 Project E—e and S——f—— Schemes,
 Or hire their Party-Pamphleteers
 To set *Elysium* by the Ears.

THEN, *Poet*, if you mean to thrive,
 Employ your Muse on Kings alive;
 With Prudence gath'ring up a Cluster
 Of all the Virtues you can muster:
 Which, form'd into a Garland sweet,
 Lay humbly at your Monarch's Feet:
 Who, as the Odours reach his Throne,
 Will smile, and think 'em all his own:
 For *Law* and *Gospel* both determine
 All Virtues lodge in royal Ermine.
 (I mean the Oracles of both,
 Who shall depose it upon Oath.)
 Your Garland in the following Reign,
 Change but the Names, will do again.

BUT if you think this Trade too base,
 (Which seldom is the Dunce's Case)
 Put on the Critick's Brow, and sit
 At *Will's* the puny Judge of Wit.
 A Nod, a Shrug, a scornful Smile,
 With Caution us'd, may serve awhile.

^a *Sunt geminae Somni portæ, &c.*
Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto,

Proceed no further in your Part,
 Before you learn the Terms of Art:
 (For you can never be too far gone
 In all our modern Criticks Jargon :)
 Then talk with more authentick Face,
 Of *Unities in Time and Place*.
 Get Scraps of *Horace* from your Friends,
 And have them at your Fingers Ends.
 Learn *Aristotle's* Rules by Rote,
 And at all Hazards boldly quote.
 Judicious *Rymer* oft review ;
 Wise *Dennis*, and profound *Bosſu*.
 Read all the *Prefaces* of *Dryden*,
 For these our Criticks much confide in,
 (Tho' meerly writ at first for filling ;
 To raise the Volume's Price a Shilling.)

A forward Critick often dupes us
 With sham Quotations ^b *Peri Hupſous* :
 And if we have not read *Longinus*
 Will magisterially outshine us.
 Then, lest with *Greek* he over-run ye,
 Procure the Book for Love or Money,
 Translated from *Boileau's* Translation ^c,
 And quote *Quotation* on *Quotation*.

At *Will's* you hear a Poem read,
 Where *Battus* from the Table-head,

^b A famous Treatise of *Longinus*.

^c By Mr. *Welsted*.

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Reclining on his Elbow-chair,
 Gives Judgment with decisive Air.
 To whom the Tribe of circling Wits,
 As to an Oracle, submits.
 He gives Directions to the Town
 To cry it up, or run it down.
 (Like *Courtiers*, when they send a Note,
 Instructing Members how to vote.)
 He sets the Stamp of Bad and Good,
 Tho' not a Word be understood.
 Your Lesson learnt, you'll be secure
 To get the Name of *Connoisseur*.
 And when your Merits once are known,
 Procure Disciples of your own.

FOR Poets (you can never want 'em,
 Spread thro' ^d *Augusta Trinobantum*)
 Computing by their Pecks of Coals,
 Amount to just nine Thousand Souls.
 These o'er their proper Districts govern,
 Of Wit and Humour Judges sov'reign.
 In ev'ry Street a City Bard
 Rules, like an Alderman, his Ward;
 His undisputed Rights extend
 Through all the Lane, from End to End;
 The Neighbours round admire his *Shrewdness*,
 For Songs of *Loyalty* and *Lewdness*;

^d The ancient Name of *London*.

Out-

Out-done by none in Rhyming well,
Altho' he never learnt to spell.

Two bord'ring Wits contend for Glory;
And one is *Whig*, and one is *Tory*.
And this for Epics claims the Bays,
And that for Elegiac Lays.
Some fam'd for Numbers soft and smooth,
By Lovers spoke in *Punch's* Booth.
And some as justly Fame extols
For lofty Lines in *Smithfield* Drolls.
Bavius in *Wapping* gains Renown,
And *Mævius* reigns o'er *Kentish-Town*.
Tigellius plac'd in *Phæbus'* Car
From *Ludgate* shines to *Temple-bar*.
Harmonious *Gibber* entertains
The Court with annual Birth-day Strains:
Whence *Gay* was banish'd in disgrace,
Where *Pope* will never shew his Face;
Where *Y***g* must torture his Invention,
To flatter *Knaves*, or lose his *Pension*.

BUT these are not a thousandth Part
Of Jobbers in the Poet's Art,
Attending each his proper Station,
And all in due Subordination;
Thro' ev'ry Alley to be found,
In Garrets high, or under Ground:
And when they join their *Pericranies*,
Out skips a *Book of Miscellanies*.

Hobbes clearly proves that ev'ry Creature
Lives in a State of War by Nature.

The Greater for the Smallest watch,
But meddle seldom with their Match.

A Whale of mod'rate Size will draw
A Shoal of Herrings down his Maw.

A Fox with Geese his Belly crams,
A Wolf destroys a thousand Lambs.

But search among the rhyming Race,
The Brave are worried by the Base.

If, on *Parnassus'* Top you sit,
You rarely bite, are always bit.

Each Poet of inferior Size

On you shall rail and criticise ;

And strive to tear you Limb from Limb,

While others do as much for him.

THE Vermin only teaze and pinch
Their Foes superior by an Inch.

So, Nat'ralists observe, a Flea

Hath smaller Fleas that on him prey,

And these have smaller still to bite 'em,

And so proceed *ad infinitum*.

Thus ev'ry Poet in his Kind,

Is bit by him that comes behind :

Who, tho' too little to be seen,

Can tease, and gall, and give the Spleen ;

Call Dunces, Fools, and Sons of Whores,

Lay *Grubstreet* at each other's Doors ;

Extol

Extol the *Greek* and *Roman* Masters,
And curse our modern Poetafters.
Complain, as many an ancient Bard did,
How Genius is no more rewarded;
How wrong a Taste prevails among us;
How much our Ancestors out-fung us;
Can personate an aukward Scorn
For those who are not Poets born;
And all their Brother Dunces lash,
Who croud the Press with hourly Trash.

O *Grubstreet* ! how do I bemoan thee,
Whose graceless Children scorn to own thee.
Their filial Piety forgot,
Deny their Country like a Scot:
Tho' by their Idiom and Grimace
They soon betray their native Place:
Yet *thou* hast greater Cause to be
Asham'd of them, than they of thee,
Degen'rate from their ancient Brood,
Since first the Court allow'd them Food.

REMAINS a Difficulty still,
To purchase Fame by writing ill:
From *Flecknoe* down to *Howard's* Time,
How few have have reach'd the *low Sublime*?
For when our high-born *Howard* died,
Blackmore alone his Place supplied:
And, lest a Chasm should intervene,
When Death had finish'd *Blackmore's* Reign,

The *leaden Crown* devolv'd to thee,
 Great ^a Poet of the *Hollow-Tree*.
 But, ah ! how unsecure thy Throne;
 A thousand Bards thy Right disown:
 They plot to turn in factious Zeal,
Duncenia to a Common-weal;
 And with rebellious Arms pretend
 An equal Priv'lege to *descend*.

IN Bulk there are not more Degrees,
 From *Elephants* to *Mites* in Cheese,
 Than what a curious Eye may trace
 In Creatures of the rhyming Race.
 From bad to worse, and worse they fall,
 But, who can reach the worst of all?
 For tho' in Nature Depth and Height
 Are equally held infinite,
 In Poetry the Height we know;
 'Tis only infinite below.
 For Instance: When you rashly think,
 No Rhymers can like *Welsted*^b fink,
 His Merits balanc'd, you shall find,
 The Laureat ^c leaves him far behind.

^d Lord *Grimston*.

^b *Vide* The Treatise on the *Profund*, and Mr. *Pope's Dunciad*.

^c In some Editions, instead of the Laureat, was maliciously inserted Mr. *Fielding*; for whose ingenious Writings the supposed Author hath manifested a great Esteem.

Concannen, more aspiring Bard,
Soars downwards deeper by a Yard.
Smart *Jemmy Moor* with Vigour drops,
The rest pursue as thick as Hops.
With Heads to Points the Gulph they enter,
Link'd perpendicular to the Center;
And as their Heels elated rise,
Their Heads attempt the nether Skies.

O, what Indignity and Shame,
To prostitute the Muse's Name!
By flatt'ring — whom Heav'n design'd
The Plagues and Scourges of Mankind;
Bred up in Ignorance and Sloth,
And ev'ry Vice that nurses both.

FAIR *Britain* in thy Monarch blest,
Whose Virtues bear the strictest Test;
Whom never *Faction* could bespatter,
Nor *Minister*, nor *Poet* flatter.
What Justice in rewarding Merit?
What Magnanimity of Spirit?
What Lineaments divine we trace
Thro' all his Figure, Mien, and Face?
Tho' Peace with Olive bind his Hands,
Confest the conq'ring Hero stands.
Hydaspes, *Indus*, and the *Ganges*,
Dread from his Hand impending Changes.

f — *Super & Garamantas & Indos*
Proferet imperium, &c.

S 3

From

From him the *Tartar*, and *Chinese*,
 § Short by the Knees intreat for Peace.
 The *Consort* of his Throne and Bed
 A perfect Goddess born and bred.
 Appointed sov'reign Judge to sit
 On Learning, Eloquence, and Wit.
 Our eldest Hope, divine *Iulus*,
 (Late, very late, O, may he rule us !)
 What early Manhood has he shown,
 Before his downy Beard was grown !
 Then think what Wonders will be done
 By going on as he begun ;
 An Heir for *Britain* to secure
 As long as Sun and Moon endure.

THE Remnant of the Royal Blood,
 Comes pouring on me like a Flood.
 Bright Goddesses, in Number five ;
 Duke *William*, sweetest Prince alive.

Now sing the *Minister of State*,
 Who shines alone without a Mate.
 Observe with what Majestick Port
 This *Atlas* stands to prop the Court :

—— *Iam nunc & Caspia regna*
Responsis horrent Divum, &c.

§ —— *Genibus minor, &c.*

Intent the Publick Debts to pay
 Like prudent *Fabius* ^c by Delay.
 Thou great Vicegerent of the King,
 Thy Praises ev'ry Muse shall sing.
 In all Affairs thou sole Director,
 Of Wit and Learning chief Protector;
 Tho' small the Time thou hast to spare,
 The Church is thy peculiar Care.
 Of pious Prelates what a Stock;
 You chuse to rule the Sable flock.
 You raise the Honour of the Peerage
 Proud to attend you at the Steerage.
 You dignify the noble Race,
 Content yourself with humbler Place.
 Now Learning, Valour, Virtue, Sense,
 To Titles give the sole Pretence.
 St. *George* beheld thee with Delight,
 Vouchsafe to be an azure Knight,
 When on thy Breast and Sides *Herculean*
 He fixt the *Star* and *String Cœrulian*.

SAY, Poet, in what other Nation
 Shone ever such a Constellation.
 Attend ye *Popes*, and *Youngs*, and *Gays*,
 And tune your Harps, and strow your Bays:
 Your Panegyricks here provide:
 You cannot err on *Flatt'ry's* Side.

^c *Unus Homo nobis Cunctando restituit rem.*

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Above the Stars exalt your style,
 You still are low ten thousand Mile.
 On *Lewis* all his Bards bestow'd,
 Of Incense many a thousand Load;
 But *Europe* mortify'd his Pride,
 And swore the fawning Rascals ly'd,
 Yet what the World refus'd to *Lewis*
 Applied to — exactly true is.
 Exactly true! Invidious Poet!
 'Tis fifty thousand Times below it.

TRANSLATE me now some Lines, if you can,
 From *Virgil*, *Martial*, *Ovid*, *Lucan*,
 They could all Pow'r in Heav'n divide,
 And do no wrong to either Side:
 They teach you how to split a Hair,
 Give — and *Jove* an equal Share.
 Yet, why should we be lac'd to straight?
 I'll give my — Butter-weight.
 And Reason good; for many a Year
Jove never intermeddled here:
 Nor tho' his Priests be duly paid,
 Did ever we desire his Aid:
 We now can better do without him,
 Since *Woolston* gave us Arms to rout him.

* * * * * *Cætera desiderantur.* * * * * *

‡ *Divisum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet.*

A CHA-

A
CHARACTER,
PANEGYRICK
AND
DESCRIPTION,
OF THE
LEGION CLUB.

AS I stroll the City, oft I
See a Building large and lofty,
Not a Bow-shot from the College,
Half the Globe in Sense and Knowledge;
By the prudent Architect
Plac'd against the Church direct,
Making good my Grandame's Jest,
Near the Church——you know the rest.

TELL us what the Pile contains.
Many a Head that holds no Brains.
These Demoniacs let me dub
With the Name of *Legion Club*;

Such

Such Assemblies, you might swear,
 Meet, when Butchers bait a Bear;
 Such a Noise, and such haranguing,
 When a Brother Thief is hanging:
 Such a Rout, and such a Rabble
 Run to hear Jack-Pudden gabble;
 Such a Croud their Ordure throws
 On a far less Villain's Nose.

COULD I from the Building's Top
 Hear the rattling Thunder drop,
 While the D——l upon the Roof
 (If the D——l be Thunder-proof)
 Should with Poker fiery red
 Crack the Stones, and melt the Lead;
 Drive them down on ev'ry Scull,
 While the Den of Thieves is full;
 Quite destroy that Harpies Nest,
 How might then our Isle be blest!
 For Divines allow that God
 Sometimes makes the D——l his Rod,
 And the Gospel will inform us
 He can punish Sins enormous.

YET should Sw—t endow the Schools
 For his *Lunaticks* and *Fools*
 With a Rood or two of Land,
 I allow the Pile may stand:
 You, perhaps, will ask me, Why so?
 But it is with this Provifo,

Since

Since the House is like to last,
Let the Royal Grant be pass'd,
That the Club have Right to dwell
Each within his proper Cell,
With a Passage left to creep in,
And a Hole above for peeping.

LET them, when they once get in,
Sell the Nation for a Pin;
While they sit a picking Straws,
Let them rave at making Laws;
While they never hold their Tongue,
Let them dabble in their Dung;
Let them form a Grand Committee,
How to plague and starve the City;
Let them stare, and storm, and frown,
When they see a Clergy Gown;
Let them, e'er they crack a Louse,
Call for th' Orders of the House;
Let them with their Gosling Quills,
Scribble senseless Heads of Bills;
We may, while they strain their Throats,
Wipe our A—s with their Votes.
Let ^a Sir T—m, that rampant Ass,
Stuff his Guts with Flax and Grass;
But before the Priest he fleeces
Tear the Bible all to Pieces:

^a Sir Thomas P———st, a P———C———r of
Ireland, and Son to the Informer of that Name.

At

At the Parsons, *Tom*, holloo, Boy,
 Worthy Offspring of a Shoe-Boy.
 Footman, Traytor, vile Seducer,
 Perjur'd Rebel, brib'd Accuser;
 Lay thy paltry Privilege aside,
 Sprung from Papists, and a Regicide;
 Fall a working like a Mole,
 Raise the Dirt about your Hole.

COME, assist me, Muse obedient,
 Let us try some some new Expedient;
 Shift the Scene for half an Hour,
 Time and Place are in thy Pow'r;
 Thither, gentle Muse, conduct me,
 I shall ask, and you instruct me.

SEE, the Muse unbars the Gate;
 Hark, the Monkeys, how they prate!

^b ALL ye Gods who rule the Soul,
Styx, thro' Hell whose Waters roll!
 Let me be allow'd to tell
 What I heard in yonder Hell.

^c NEAR the Door an Entrance gapes,
 Crouded round with antick Shapes,
Poverty, and *Grief*, and *Care*,
 Causeless *Joy*, and true *Despair*.
Discord periwig'd with Snakes,
 See the dreadful Strides she takes.

^b *Di, quibus imperium est animarum, &c.*

Sit mihi fas audita loqui.

Virg. Lib. VI.

^c *Vestibulum ante ipsum, &c.*

By

By this odious Crew beset,
 I began to rage and fret,
^d And resolv'd to break their Pates,
 E'er we enter'd at the Gates;
 Had not *Clio*, in the Nick,
 Whisper'd me, *Lay down your Stick.*
 What, said I, is this the *Mad-House*?
 These, she answer'd, are but shadows,
 Phantoms bodiless and vain,
 Empty Visions of the Brain.

• In the Porch *Briareus* stands,
 Shews a Bribe in all his Hands;
Briareus the Secretary,
 But we Mortals call him C***y.
 When the Rogues their Country fleece,
 They may hope for Pence a-piece.

Clio, who had been so wise
 To put on a Fool's Disguise,
 To bespeak some Approbation,
 And be thought a near Relation,
 When she saw three hundred Brutes
 All involv'd in wild Disputes,
 Roaring 'till their Lungs were spent
 PRIVILEGE OF PARLIAMENT,
 Now a new Misfortune feels,
 Dreading to be laid by th' Heels,

^d *Et ni docta comes, &c.*

• *Et centumgeminus Briareus, &c. Virg. Lib. VI.*

Never durst a Muse before
 Enter that infernal Door ;
Clio stifled with the Smell
 Into Spleen and Vapours fell,
 By the *Stygian* Steams that flew
 From the dire infectious Crew.
 Not the Stench of Lake *Avernus*
 Could have more offended her Nose ;
 Had she flown but o'er the Top,
 She had felt her Pinions drop,
 And by Exhalations dire,
 Tho' a Goddess, must expire:
 In a Fright she crept away,
 Bravely I resolv'd to stay.

WHEN I saw the Keeper frown,
 Tipping him with half a Crown,
 Now, said I, we are alone,
 Name your Heroes one by one.

WHO is that Hell-featur'd Brawler,
 Is it *Satan*? No, 'tis *W——r*.
 In what Figure can a Bard dress
Jack the Grandson of Sir *H——s*.
 Honest Keeper, drive him further,
 In his Looks are Hell and Murther ;
 See the scowling Visage drop
 Just as when he murther'd *T——p*.

KEEPER, shew me where to fix
 On the Puppy Pair of *Dicks* ;

By their Lanthorn Jaws and Leathern,
 You might swear they both are Brethren;
Dick-Fitz Baker, Dick the Player,
 Old Acquaintance, are you there?
 Dear Companions, hug and kifs,
 Toast *old Glorious* in your Pifs.
 Tie 'em, Keeper, in a Tether,
 Let 'em starve and stink together;
 Both are apt to be unruly,
 Lash 'em daily, lash 'em duly;
 Tho' 'tis hopeless to reclaim them,
 Scorpion Rods perhaps may tame them.

KEEPER, yon old dotard Smoke,
 Sweetly snoring in his Cloak,
 Who is he? 'Tis humdrum *W—ne*
 Half encompass'd by his Kin:
 There observe the Tribe of *B—h—m*,
 For he never fails to bring 'em;
 While he sleeps the whole Debate,
 They submissive round him wait;
 Yet would gladly see the Hunks
 In his Grave, and search his Trunks;
 See, they gently twitch his Coat,
 Just to yawn and give his Vote,
 Always firm in his Vocation,
 For the *C—*, against the *N—*.

THOSE are *A—s Jack and Bob*,
 First in every wicked Job,

Son and Brother to a queer
 Brain-sick Brute, they call a Peer.
 We must give them better Quarter,
 For their Ancestor trod Mortar,
 And, at *H—th*, to boast his Fame,
 On a Chimney cut his Name —.

THERE fit *C***nts*, *D***ks*, and *H***n*.
 How they swagger from their Garrison?
 Such a Triplet could you tell
 Where to find on this Side Hell?
*H***n*, and *D***ks*, and *C***nts*,
 Keeper, see they have their Payments.
 Every Mischief in their Hearts,
 If they fail, 'tis want of Parts.

BLESS us, *M***n*! art thou there, Man?
 Bless mine Eyes! art thou the Chairman!
 Chairman to your damn'd Committee!
 Yet I look on thee with Pity.
 Dreadful Sight! what learned *M***n*!
 Metamorphos'd to a *Gorgon*!
 For thy horrid Looks, I own,
 Half convert me to a Stone:
 Hast thou been so long at School
 Now to turn a factious Tool?
Alma Mater was thy Mother,
 Ev'ry young Divine thy Brother;
 Thou a disobedient Varlet,
 Treat thy Mother like a Harlot!

Thou;

Thou, ungrateful to thy Teachers,
Who are all grown Rev'rend Preachers!
M—, would it not surprize one?
Turn thy Nourishment to Poison!
When you walk among your Books,
They reproach you with their Looks,
Bind them fast, or from their Shelves
They will come, and right themselves:
Homer, Plutarch, Virgil, Flaccus,
All in Arms prepare to back us:
Soon repent, or put to slaughter
Ev'ry *Greek* and *Roman* Author.
Will you, in your Faction's Phrase,
Send the Clergy all to graze;
And to make your Project pass,
Leave them not a Blade of Grass?

How I want thee, hum'rous *Hogarth*!
Thou, I hear, a pleasant Rogue art;
Were but you and I acquainted,
Ev'ry Monster should be painted:
You should try your graving Tools
On this odious Group of Fools,
Draw the Beasts as I describe them,
From their Features, while I gibe them;
Draw them like, for, I assure ye,
You will need no *Car'atura*;

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Draw them so that we may trace
All the Soul in ev'ry Face.

KEEPER, I must now retire,
You have done what I desire,
But I feel my Spirits spent
With the Noise, the Sight, the Scent.
*Pray be patient, you shall find
Half the best are still behind:*
*You have hardly seen a Score,
I can shew two hundred more.*
Keeper, I have seen enough.
Taking then a Pinch of Snuff,
I concluded, looking round 'em,
May their God, the D—l, confound 'em.

END of the Fifth VOLUME.

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Miscellanies

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